

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE PEOPLE

# **bondage life**

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER SIX • ADULTS ONLY • \$8.00

LD



WITH BONDAGE  
SUPERSTARS JEN-  
NIFER WEST,  
CHERYL ROTHMAN,  
JOANNE LINK AND  
THE BONDAGE LIFE  
DEBUT OF MAIL-  
ORDER BONDAGE  
MODEL LYNDIA  
AND MICHELLE  
PAGE, LIBBY  
CURTIS, JODY  
BURNS  
GUIDE FOR BUY-  
ERS "TIELINES"  
GOSSIP COLUMN  
MOVIE PHOTO  
QUIZ BONDAGE  
FICTION ENLARGED  
"BY THE PEOPLE"  
SECTION "BOUND  
FOR HOLLYWOOD"  
OTHER  
DEPARTMENTS







# Respect~

## Ours For You, & Yours For Us

**T**here are, in this sixth issue of "Bondage Life," new photographs of Jennifer West, Joanne Link, Lyndia, and Cheryl Rothman, possibly the four most popular bondage models of the 1970's. We are also showcasing such bondage stars of the future as Michelle Page, Libby Curtis and Carla Barnes. And there are personal photographs of actual bondage enthusiasts.

These photos alone would be more than enough for any typical bondage magazine.

But "typical" is exactly what "Bondage Life" *doesn't* want to be.

So we offer more — new bondage fiction by master writer Brian Sands, Carl McGuire's "Bound for Hollywood" and our movie bondage photo quiz, John North's "Tielines" bondage gossip column, an enlarged "By The People" section and many other fine departments.

It makes for one very special, very memorable magazine.

It's a matter of earning the respect of our readers by demonstrating our respect for them.





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# bondage life

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# For The People

## OUR COVER BEAUTIES





## ONE BOUND, ONE UNBOUND

The stern and seductive boot-wearing dominatrix is Libby Curtis. Her deliciously roped and gagged plaything is Michelle Page. Doesn't Michelle look just adorable like that? We must give creative credit for Michelle's sweet dilemma to Libby, who is equally at home on either side of the knots.















# CARLA BARNES — A NEW BOUND BEAUTY DESTINED FOR BONDAGE STARDOM



Here's our newest Bound Beauty — lovely lass with good fashion sense who just needs some more time in bondage to really learn the ropes. So, we'll see to it that she gets all the time she needs in bondage, Thank You.

























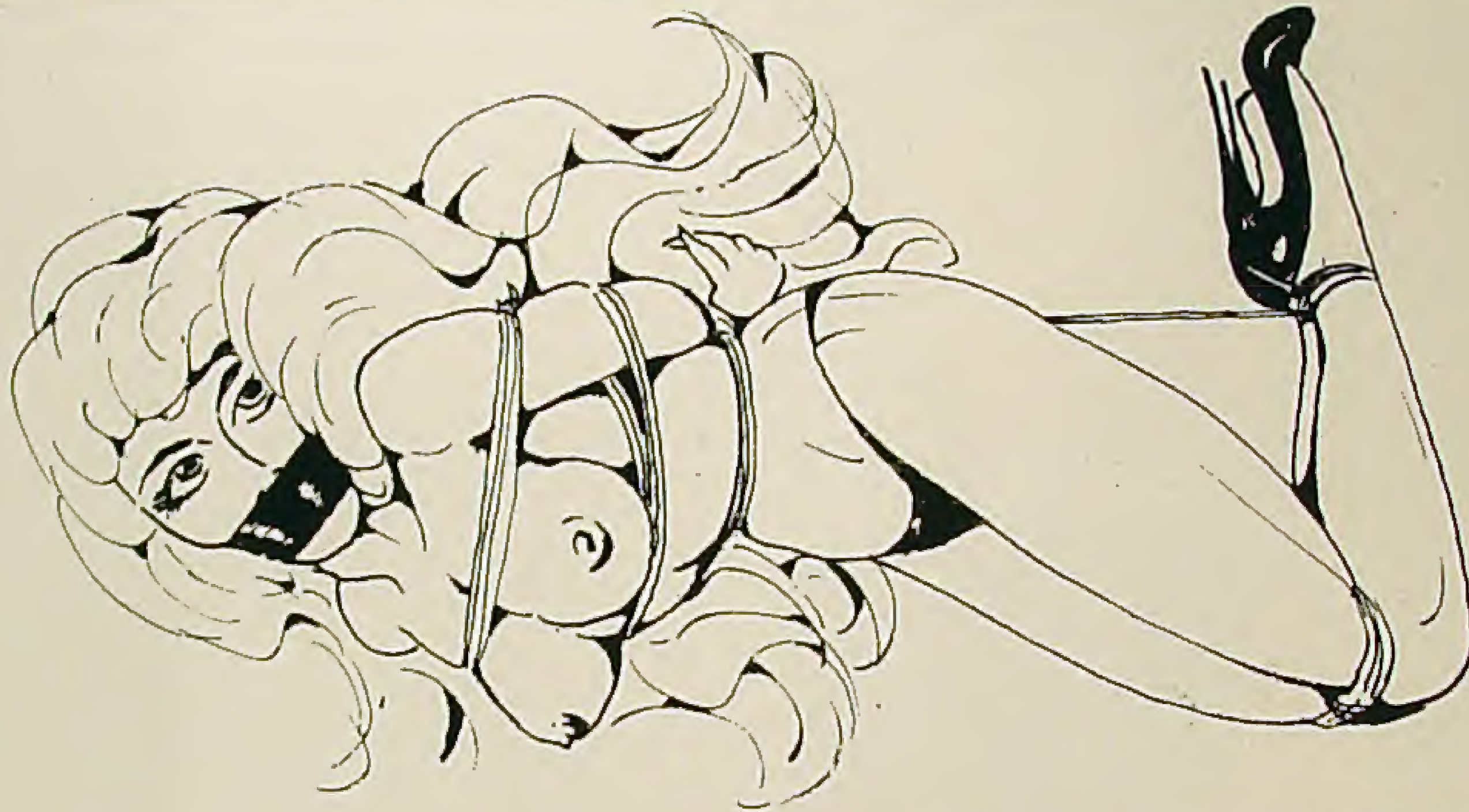






# Thief's Prisoner

By Brian Sands



Ronnie was so tired at the end of work for the day that she nearly forgot her temporary plans for the weekend. The painters were in her apartment giving it a new spring look - she had felt like a change of decor after receiving her bonus for the latest and successful thriller story - and, since she could not stand the paint fumes that would linger for at least a week, she had asked around among her friends at the office. Jennifer, who was fast becoming her right hand girl in the editing section, remarked that a rich client had given her the freedom of his house in the outer suburbs whenever she needed time by herself to write or think. She did not imagine that he would begrudge the same to Ronnie, who, like Jennifer, had helped that same client with a film script. When she phoned the man earlier in the week and explained the situation, he agreed readily, adding that he would be out of town for two weeks and she could make use of the house any time, she or Jennifer. That was perfect, and Ronnie planned to move in during the weekend.

There was in fact no need to wait for the weekend to begin. The way she felt, that Friday night would be more than welcome for the chance to sleep away from the clutter of her apartment. Her large suitcase was packed already and in the back of her car, so there was no cause to return home for anything. Outside she could see through the window of her office that the sky was overcast and already spitting droplets of rain. The weather bureau had been forecasting rain for some days now, and had hit the jackpot. In spite of her skepticism, Ronnie brought a smart silky russet colored nylon rain coat which for most of the week hung on the coat rack behind the office door. Now she flung it on over the lightweight two piece silk skirt and matching jacket she had worn that morning, and stood for a minute or two at the window watching the streets below become slickly dark under the rain. The weather did not make her as depressed as it could sometimes, perhaps because she felt so tired. She opened her hand bag, took out a large filmy silk scarf in rainbow colors, predominantly pinks and blues, and knotted it loosely around her neck, fluffing it at her throat. Then down to the car in the open-air parking lot, a skitter through the rain, and she was on her way, the cares of the office behind her.

It took some time to find the house in the gathering dusk.

Ronnie had the address and checked it out against a road map but she was surprised at how far away it stood at the end of a long street with no neighbors on either side and completely surrounded by trees. She remembered Jennifer saying the owner was something of a recluse who preferred privacy. The house moreover was in an outer suburb of the city which made it doubly isolated. She turned her car up the long drive and rolled it into the garage at the side, closed the garage door and let herself into the dwelling. Perfunctorily, she explored it: downstairs a front living room on one side, dining room on the other, behind the dining room a quite large office-cum-library which even had a wall-safe, kitchen and pantry to the back; up the stairs more recreation rooms and bedrooms. Only one bedroom was properly set out - the others had dust drapes over all the furniture - so she guessed it was meant for her use.

She turned on the small bedside lamp and retraced her steps to the front door where she switched off all downstairs lights. Back in the bedroom she threw off her clothes, wrapped a towel around herself and washed quickly in the adjoining bathroom. Wriggling into an ankle length night dress of black chiffon, opaque and clinging, Ronnie slid gratefully into bed. The room she was in must have once been a man's den. The walls were covered with sporting photographs and trophies. There was an ornamental sword and a very real-looking replica of a police revolver. Anyway, there would be plenty of opportunity in the morning to find out more about this intriguing house. Wearily she switched off the bed lamp and within minutes drifted off to sleep.

• • •

Something had awakened her. Ronnie lay still, suddenly very wide awake, but she could not make out what had disturbed her. Then she heard it again, some kind of scratching sound which seemed to be coming from the wall at the head of her bed. Was it rats or mice? But then she would have heard them earlier. Ronnie always felt uneasy when she was in strange places and alone. A girl can't be too careful. Maybe too, she thought ironically, she imagined herself caught up in the situations she created for the women's thriller magazines. Was there a burglar in the house? It was a hackneyed situation; but what if there



was? She was only a slender and light weight young woman, five feet five in her stockinged feet, and in the hands of a man of slightly above average strength she knew she could be easily overpowered. What she lacked in strength she could make up for in fleetness of foot, however. She was trimly put-together with a narrow waist and well-rounded and perky breasts. One of her male friends had once likened her figure to those of the slender and well-proportioned ladies in Indian temple carvings. She had been pleased.

Ronnie decided that if there was anyone in the house below, her best move would be to flit to the front door and run for help, and at all costs to avoid confrontation. As quietly as she could, she stepped out of bed and donned the plain long-sleeved negligee which matched her night dress, tying a thin chiffon sash around her waist. She slipped her feet into the pair of high-heeled shoes she had worn the day before - her glance at her wrist watch showed the time to be past two in the morning - and stood irresolutely at her bedroom door. What if she was discovered; how could she bluff her way out? The revolver on the wall, she thought. Turning, she took it down and inspected it. As she had suspected, it could not fire and the blanks in the revolving chamber had been cemented-in. Still, from a distance it looked real enough and it would make an attacker pause long enough to give her a head start. With her heart pounding so loud that she imagined someone could hear, she started down the stairs.

She paused at the landing, and crouching so as to make herself less conspicuous there in the dark she peered into the gloomy well of the hallway. There was a strip of light showing beneath the door leading into the library. Cautiously, Ronnie descended the remaining flight of stairs and made her way softly to the library door which she now saw stood slightly ajar. She knew that she should run on into the night and safety but curiosity took the better of her. Very gently she nudged the door so that it swung open sufficiently wide to allow her to see into the room. The desk lamp was shaded so that its light was flung mostly over the area around the wall-safe, in front of which a man stood attentively, his back towards her. She saw too a telephone on the desk and a daring plan formed in her mind: hold the thief at bay with the revolver in her hands, and dial for the police.

Ronnie straightened up, took a deep breath for confidence, and walked into the room. She was more than halfway to the telephone before the burglar realized someone else was there with him, and as he began to turn she snapped sharply: "Stay where you are or I'll have to shoot!" She hoped the slight quaver in her voice did not give her away. The man stood very still, then slowly he turned his head towards her. Ronnie's hand took up the receiver but she almost dropped it in fright when she saw how the man's face was distorted by the black stocking mask he wore over his head. "Turn back to the wall," she ordered, but he continued to look at her in an amused and expectant manner. She brought the receiver to her ears and froze; the line was dead. She saw then that the wire connecting the phone to the wall had been cut.

"Ain't no-one goin to call in, or out, on that now Ma'am," the thief spoke softly, "You're goin to have to deal with me all by yourself."

Fighting down panic, Ronnie backed away slowly towards the door. The man turned around fully - he was very tall - and took a step towards her.

"Stay there, I warn you I will shoot," the girl repeated, but with not much conviction.

"I don't think you'll do that," said the man, and slowly he took one step then another towards her. Ronnie's knees felt like lead and she stood frozen to the spot, the dummy pistol still trained on the man's chest. He came right up to her, reached out

lazily and took the gun from her unresisting fingers. "It's a replica, ain't it?" She nodded. "Anyway, I don't think you're the kind of girl who would shoot someone," he added almost kindly.

"Wh-what are you going to do with me?" she asked. This close to him, she had no chance of running.

"Aw, I'm not going to hurt you, if that's what you mean," he answered, a little embarrassed, "I ain't no rapist or killer or anythin. I thought this place was empty and I've had my eyes on this safe for some long time now. I tell you what, you let me finish this job, don't scream or anything, and before I go I'll tie you up just enough so's you'll take about an hour to work loose. By the time you do that and call the police I'll be outa the neighbourhood."

"All right," Ronnie said with dry lips, "And thank you."

"You can keep me company and watch the show," said the man. He was almost a boy. "But I'll haveta take my eyes off you a lotta the time, so I gota tie you a little now. Make yourself comfortable in that armchair."

Ronnie obeyed. The thief walked to the venetian blinds and with a small pocket knife cut several long pieces of the thin cord. He tossed all but one onto the desk and then went to her, and kneeling at her feet tied the remaining piece of cord several times around her ankles. It went round them four times before he made a firm reef knot. Ronnie's ankles were held together snugly but the cords were not at all tight and caused her no discomfort. The burglar turned back to his unfinished work.

After five minutes of waiting, Ronnie realized that the burglar's concentration was entirely upon the safe and that she was forgotten. Thoughts of escape came to her. What if he was really lying and intended to rape or beat her, or worse? What if in spite of his good intentions the sight of her at his mercy triggered something off in him? Stealthily, she reached her arm down the side of her legs and her fingers began to work on the doubled-knot. It came free; with another movement of her fingers the cord fell away. She paused, looked at the man's back turned towards her, then slowly rose from the chair and step by step moved towards the door. She was more than halfway there when a slight rustle from her gown made him turn. Like a startled rabbit, Ronnie bolted through the door, turned right and ran down the hall. She grasped frantically at the front door handle but it would not open. Then she remembered that she had bolted both its latches above and below. She was reaching for the upper one when a large arm encircled her waist and a hand cupped itself over her mouth. She did not struggle and the tight grip on her was loosened. However, the arm was not taken from her waist nor the hand from her mouth until they were standing in the library again.

"Why'd you do that?" he asked reproachfully.

"I got frightened," she answered truthfully, "You can't blame me for wanting to get out of this."

Shaking his head, the boy directed her to sit in the armchair again, knelt down as before and replaced the cord; only this time he wound it about her ankles three times and, with the ends which were left, securely cinched the coils between them. This was a good deal tighter and more uncomfortable than before and there was very little freedom of movement for her legs now.

He turned to the desk, took up one of the other coils of thin venetian-blind cord and came back to her. He lifted the cord ends and gestured: "I'll haveta tie your hands together too." Ronnie raised her arms to him, wrists together in front. "No," he said, "Behind ya. Y'might untie your legs again." Ronnie twisted around in the chair until her back was to him and allowed her arms to be gathered behind her. With care and







# BONDAGE SUPERSTAR



**E**verytime Jennifer West shows up for an afternoon visit, we whip out the ropes and wind them snugly around her soft body and then gag her mouth and bind her up in some very interesting positions. Sometimes, she just comes by to talk, but we aren't very interested in listening. Incidentally, this was one of the most effective gags we've ever used — the leg portion of some red tights with a big knot tied in the middle which is inside Jennifer's mouth and the rest wrapped tightly over her mouth and around her head. It's stretchy material that can be pulled very tight. We pulled it just about as tightly as we could and Jennifer was really pleading with us to ease it off a little, which we couldn't bring ourselves to do. If we know our Jennifer, and we do, she'll be back for more.



















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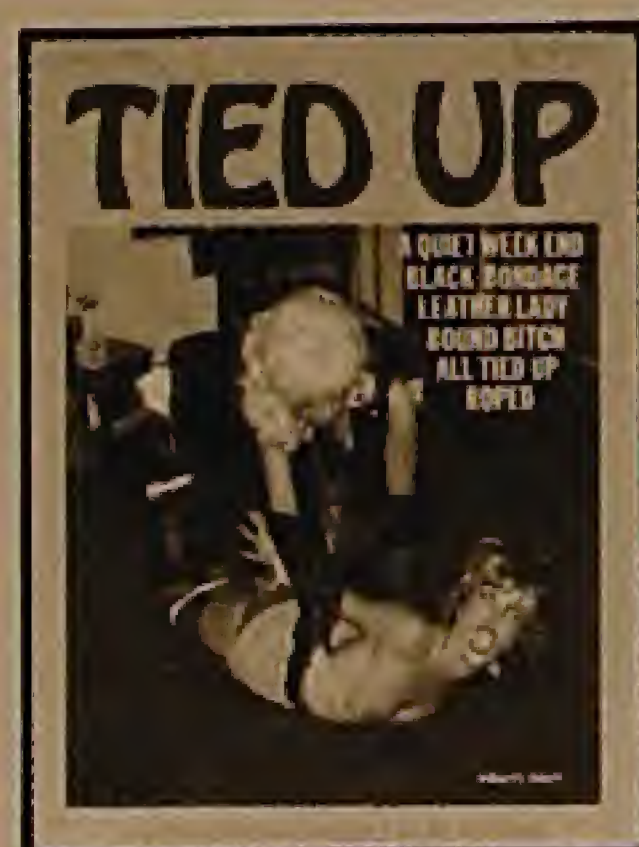
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# Tie the Knot With Lyndon



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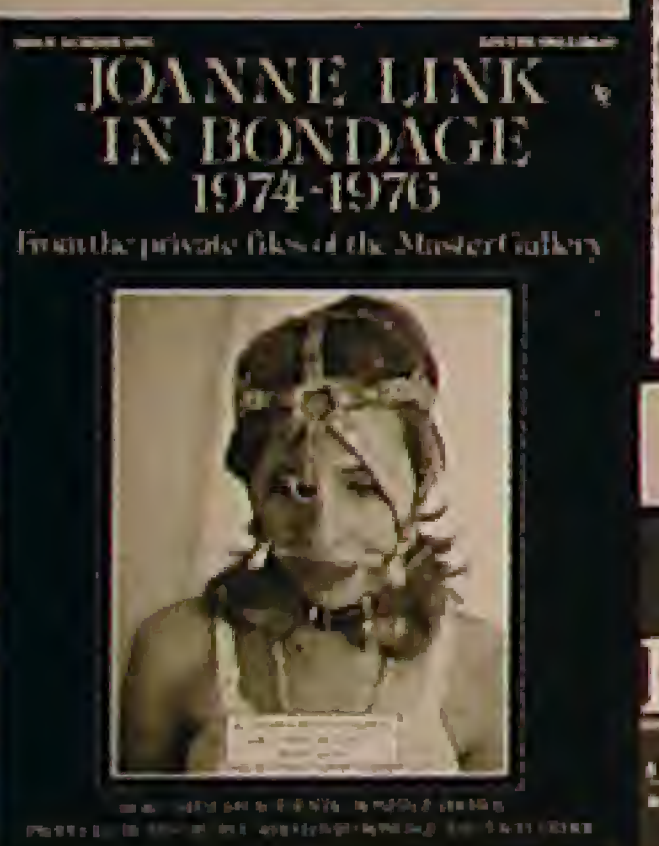
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EACH MAGAZINE HAS AT LEAST 48 PAGES AND IS FILLED WITH BOUND BEAUTIES AWAITING TO PLEASE YOU!



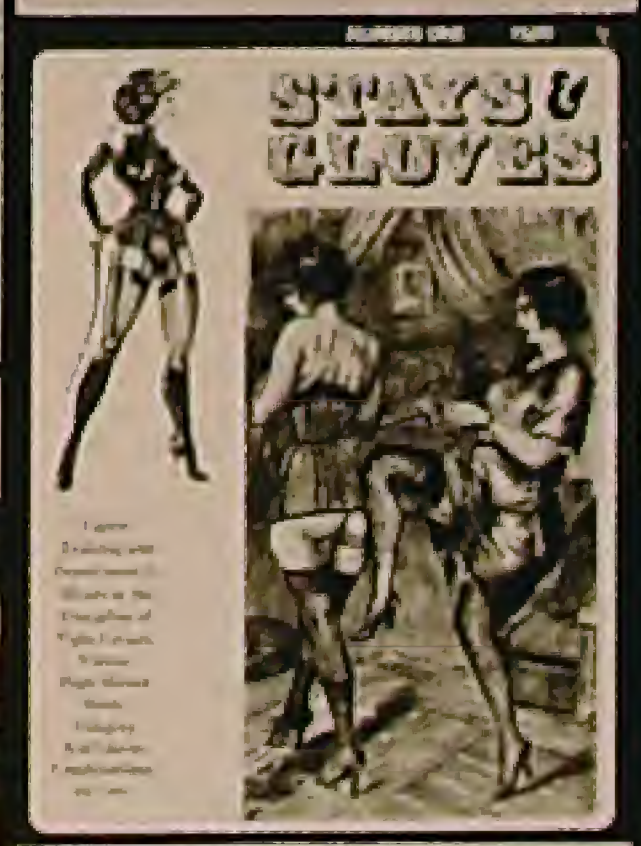
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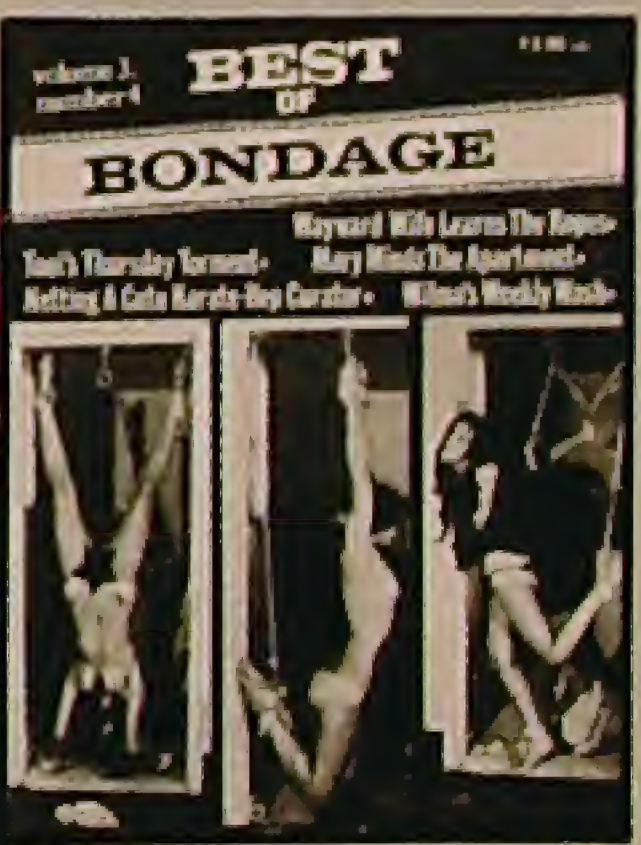
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## TIELINES

# THE SUBJECT IS BONDAGE

By John North

Truly wonderful news for lovers of pretty lingerie bondage—Harmony. has acquired the *entire* personal photo collection of Lyndia, the doll-like mail-order bondage model whose ads for bondage photos - "The Best Bondage Model Since Betty Page"- have appeared in various national magazines throughout most of the 1970's. Our debut Lyndia magazine will probably be out this month, so be on the lookout . . . . . Let's

see now—we've reprised Joanne Link and Master Gallery and the Cheryl Rothman photo collections and we're enroute to memorializing Lyndia and we've done just about all that can be done on Irving Klaw and John Willie, and we can't think of anyone we've left out. So, if there's to be an All-Bondage Team, it will probably have to be recruited through Harmony . . . . . Incidentally, for those of you who asked, that's



Lyndia



Parachute Cord Ala Savage

parachute cord Savage often entwines around his seductively bound beauties . . . . . Maybe you already knew this, but mathematicians view a knot, at least the kind that is made with rope or

string, as a one-dimensional curve situated in ordinary three-dimensional space so that it begins and ends at the same point and does not intersect itself. To press on with this particular scholarship, the theory of knots is a part of topology—that branch of geometry concerned with the properties of spaces that remain unchanged when the spaces are deformed. All that and more in last June's issue of Scientific American, which devoted its cover and eleven pages to the theory of knots . . . . . Disturbing news for anyone who doesn't already



Out Of Stock



have a copy of Bondage Life, Volume Three, and Irving Klaw and John Willie, Volume Two. Both magazines are completely sold out as far as the Harmony and Lyndon warehouses are concerned, but there is the possibility that there's a copy of one or the other or both sitting out there on a bookstore shelf somewhere. Fact is, we're running very low on all of the Klaw and Willie books and the first Bondage Lives. If you know you're eventually going to want to own one of our magazines someday, you're well-advised to order it when it's introduced or run the risk of eventual disappointment. Staying a moment on the subject of what we no longer have, we are also out of the old black and white Irving Klaw bondage movies we advertised a year or so back, although Ira Kramer at Movie Star News is printing up a new batch, so he's the one to contact. Direct inquiries to Ira Kramer at Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003. Also, let the record show that we've discontinued sales of Harmony Movies 1 and 2 . . . . . We could use a show of hands from those folks who would like us to produce and market a line of panties. It's really a question of seeing if there's enough purchasing interest to make it worth our while. The thought stems from a conspicuous interest from many of our customers to duplicate the hip-high panty costumes used by Klaw back in the late 1940's. The difficulty is that it's just about impossible to find that style in today's stores. The option is simply to produce our own and sell them. Whatdoyousay? Also, we would like some feedback on lingerie vs. nude bondage, since we're now producing both . . . . . We're informed that Steve Martin's "Cruel Shoes" book contains a right-on reference to bondage. There was a beaut on a recent Lou Grant episode when the news photographer who was thumbing through a magazine called "Grabber" hollered out loud and strong that one of the articles therein was called "Bondage, The Tie that Binds." Bondage must be catching on, by golly . . . . . Eric Stanton has a generously-illustrated 4-page 1979 Fall Supplement out now to his Stanton Archives Catalog. Order it from E. Stanton, Box 163, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028 . . . . . Wonder what went through the minds of those art-lovers who wandered into that recent exhibition at Cal State University in Dominguez Hills near Los Angeles and encountered the beautiful bronze sculpture of a completely gagged and bound female. We said it before, we say it again—Bondage must be catching on, by golly . . . . . Looking for your own

copy of A.E.W. Mason's "At The Villa Rose" which we profiled back in Bondage Life, Number 3? We're told it's been incorporated into Scribner's Crime

etc. There's a national ad out - it may also be the album cover - advertising Cher's new "Prisoner" album. The beautiful lady is *completely* chained up and her wrists



Club series in paperback for \$2.25. As in "Rose," there's bondage aplenty in another of Mason's books, this one being "The House of the Arrow," written in about 1917. Try this as a brief sampling: ". . . she was laughing whole-heartedly at a closed sack on the divan, a sack which jerked and flapped grotesquely like a fish on a beach. Someone was imprisoned within that sack . . . . . whilst Francine with a pair of scissors cut the end of the sack loose, she sat down with her back to us . . . . . The sack was cut away and thrown upon the floor, and now on the divan Ann Upcott lay in her gleaming dancing-dress, her hands bound behind her back, and her ankles tied cruelly together." A few pages later comes an exciting gagging sequence . . . . . More now from we folks who keep cackling that "Bondage Must be Catching On" etc.

and ankles are manacled in a very knowing way. She seems undressed although her arms and wrists and hair are all arranged in a way that makes it impossible to tell . . . . . We've long since heard from the husbands of yesteryear bondage models Dell Hunter and one of the Kean sisters, but not a peep from or about Natalie Kay. We'd love to hear her reminisce her bondage history since there seems to have been a fair amount of it . . . . . this season's Barnaby Jones premiere episode had a bondage scene in it, something to do with a plot concerning arson . . . . . Maybe this clears up the question of why J.A.S. Coutts took unto himself the pseudonym "John Willie." An English correspondent says "John Willie" is what English nannies call a baby boy's sex organs. Well . . . maybe . . . . . Hey, "Reader in Maryland" who



keeps sending us color bondage prints in which the lady's head has been scissored out. Thanks, but the pictures are worthless as is. How about protecting your lady's identity - since that's what

galleries on both coasts, can be contacted by those interested in obtaining his posters through Davis Blue, P.O. Box 67B61, Century City Station, Los Angeles, California 90067. We especially

me up and gag me. I never have any fun." . . . . . A Winston-Salem reader sent us a reproduction of a news clipping from the October 25, 1957, Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News promoting Dr. Satan's "Shrieks in The Night" stage show in that city's National Theater. In the display ads were drawings of lingerie clad bound beauties, the drawings a bit on the order of Klaw artist Mory. . . . . If you live near one of the larger yardage stores, you've got a shot at a bondage accessory with delicious potential. The nylon/spandex blend (under such trade names as Miliskin and Flexatard) is known today as the basis of those tight, shiny disco pants and tops. But, for you and we, it



Robert Blue Poster

you're evidently trying to do - by gagging and blindfolding her in such a manner as to make her unrecognizable? Better yet, come up with some kind of interesting and functional headgear which is

like one of Blue's food-for-thought quotes from the Kinque interview: "It's certainly our choice as to what turns us on, but for the fetishist it becomes something that he focuses on. The garments become more important than who's inside them — man or woman." For those who want to understand themselves more fully, we think that's a very wise and relevant observation. . . . . A reader in Canada discerned an interesting point within the Brian Sands "Captive" bondage story which ran in Bondage Life 5. You might recall that the couple who bound and gagged the heroine were named "Bavaglia." Our friend in Canada says that "bavaglio" is an Italian word which means "gag" in the bondage sense of the word. Brian, you rascal, how come you never mentioned that? . . . . . Our last "Tielines" column acknowledged "The Confessions of Maria Monk" as a century-old series of bondage-oriented novels. Stewart Enterprises International, Box 173, London, Ontario, Canada N6A4V6 says it has about 30 of the Maria Monk titles, each of which sells for \$3.00. You can send \$1 for a complete list of the titles, that money applicable against any eventual purchase. . . . . Another gent in England says that an early Agatha Christie work, "The Man in The Brown Suit," circa the 1920's, has "a quite passable tie-up in it." What had our correspondent particularly interested was a statement uttered by a girlfriend of the heroine which went something like this: "Why does no one kidnap me and tie



Bound in Nylon/Spandex

can also be bought right off the roll in at least four weights and many colors (including black, white, red, gold and a few blues) for \$6.95 to \$11.95 per yard (in 56 inch widths). It functions much like rubber - stretching to twice its length in both directions and fastening tightly onto any curve. Nylon/spandex has the tight, shiny, wet look of rubber and feels sleek, silky and sensuous. Depending on the weight and number of layers used, you can make anything from sexy clothing to such bondage wonders as constricting helmets and sheaths. You (or your wife or lady friend) can even use strips of the material as rope to avoid chafing the skin. And it's wonderful for gagging, since it looks so good and fills up space so well. Speaking of filling up space, this space seems filled aplenty, so on to the next Bondage Life department and we'll see you in Number 7. □



Interesting Headwear

psychologically intriguing. You're an okay photographer, but showing mutilated photos would be as annoying to our readers as it is to us. Okey-dokey? . . . . . Robert Blue, characterized in a recent Kinque Magazine interview as a "Fetish Artist," is retailing 29½ inch by 24½ inch color posters of the painting shown here for \$50 signed and \$20 unsigned. The posters feature Museum quality printing on heavy stock. Blue, who has been showcased at major



# Bondage Life's Guide For Buyers



**For Bondage Shoppers —** A monthly newspaper that tromps where others won't even tread, a rubber outfit that will outfit you and your playmate in rubber, and a veteran bondage photographer whose pictures show up all over the place, usually without credit.

## FETISH TIMES

Box 7109

Van Nuys, California 91409

The anything-goes publication which, in its own words, covers "every known perversion."

"Every *un-known* perversion" would be about as accurate.

Fetish Times is a monthly tabloid-size newspaper which works hard at the notion that people with peculiar sexual tastes have a much right to read about their interests as anyone else. For all its gaminess, Fetish Times supports, at what we assume to be some risk to itself, the essential editorial ethic that people have the right to read what they want, be their own censors. In at least that principled sense, Fetish Times is to be applauded.

The Fetish Times stock-in-trade is to seek out unwhispered offbeat sexual appetites and splash them loudly and gleefully across its pages with photos, artwork and the written word. Even its most devout readers are probably put off by this content or that, but tough it out anyway for the eventually gratifying



glimpse of their own peculiar penchant. That's the payoff that makes wading through the other stuff a bit more bearable.

The "other stuff" includes editorial homage to such frequently publicized pursuits as B&D and S&M and transvestism. But FT is at its merriest when it can swoop down on such sacrosanct subjects as menstrual cycles



and watersports and things that make even those taboos look like common practice.

As we write this, Fetish Times is at about Issue 72, which makes it just six years old (there are 12 issues per year). It is produced by Jaundice Press and descends directly from San Francisco Ball (seven years old), Gaytimes and three "Swing" magazines: International Action,



# TRANSVESTITE MARRIAGE

THE FETISHISM OF FORCED FEMININITY!

NUMBER 84

ADULTS ONLY

\$1.50

## FETISH TIMES

THE WORLD'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS NEWSPAPER



Amputee lust explained! — "Permanent public bondage!" p.16

New and classic "Betty Page" collections! p.12

"Club Latexa" — everything for the rubber fetishist! p.13

Action Swingers and Loving Couples. Fetish Times characterizes itself as a publication "... for those who like to live beyond the boredom of everyday experience . . . . . The Bible of the S&M set . . . . . many taboos were first reported on in these pages . . . People were given a place to reach others with like desires, S found M, etc."

Offbeat and sometimes indigestible content aside, Fetish Times is editorially very solid: it has good journalistic and feature sense. Editor Marvin X is an uncommonly good writer and Rod Stryker and FT's other staffers all know what they're doing.

Fetish Times offers a strong letters section — "Getting off with a saddle shoe" was a recent treat, along with such regular departments as R.L. Park's "Bondage on the Boob Tube" roundup of television and movie tie-ups, Stryker's

"On The Rack" media review department, several editorial features and numerous display and personal ads. The issue we perused contained 32 non-padded tightly-composed pages. Copies are \$1.50 each, although subscriptions are available on the basis of 12 issues for \$18 and 24 issues for \$31. Copies are mailed in plain brown envelopes. Fetish Times asks that you allow 6-8 weeks for your subscription to begin, and does require signed certification that you are 18 years old or older.

Occasionally, Fetish Times presents an 84 page "Best of Fetish Times" magazine for \$3, plus .75 for postage and handling. There have been seven "Best of . . ." editions thus far.

If you do decide to give Fetish Times a try, brace yourself — no matter how mature you think you are, FT is going to stretch your sensibilities to the limit. □

RENEE

Box 2804

Hollywood, California 90028

An old-line fetish-wear firm, dealing also in photo-sets, magazines and movies, that has been going along steadily since 1956.

Renee's specialty is rubberwear and leatherwear, especially high-heel footwear and restrictive corsets.

Not primarily a bondage company, Renee does nonetheless offer some items of interest to bondagers: rubber hoods, hoods with gags, collars, lingerie, and so forth.

Among those who would find plenty here to please them are men who enjoy wearing female clothing, people with an affinity for rubber and leatherwear, and men who like to gaze at female bottoms. There are a lot of dimensions to this company.



Clothing items available from Renee include custom-made black patent operas with pencil thin 5¼" heels and semi-pointed toes in wide widths; sandals; stockings in pure silk, net or alabaster; unisex latex panties; rubber rain skirts and other rubberwear.

Magazines from Renee characterize such subjects as B&D, rubber, transvestism and personal contact. Some of the rubber film titles are "Rubber Nurse," "Rubber Lover" and "Rubber Date" and there are all kinds of models in rubber photo sets.

As detailed a description as we have attempted here, Renee's surface has barely been scratched, if that.

If any of our words have struck a responsive chord in you, send \$3 (plus .50 for postage) along with a request for either Renee's Rubberwear catalog or High Heels and Lingerie catalog. □





**ADLER**  
**Box 29174**  
**Los Angeles, California 90029**

Adler is a bondage photographer with an uncompromising meat-and-potatoes approach to his subject — he offers good, crisp, uncomplicated pictures of unstyled and unstaged models, usually dressed in topless lingerie and usually tied with rope.

He'll send you a sample sheet and a few words about his service for \$2.50. If you've been emotionally bound to bondage for any length of time, you've probably already seen some of his work — those were his photographs in the "Dominated" and "Perils" magazines put out by Harmony last year, and, in 1978 alone, Adler photographs appeared in such popular bondage magazines as "Crime and Punishment," "Bondage Master" and "Taskmaster."

He offers a set of eight 4X5 glossy black and white bondage prints for \$5. Slides are available, as is custom photography. The price for custom photography is negotiable, based on what the customer is asking for. □



CATALOG NO. 9 OF  
**BIZARRE FASHIONS**  
 By  
*Renee Fashion Co.*  
 BOX 2804  
 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Design your own Bizarre Fashion Rubber Outfit.

**Price \$3.00**



CATALOG NO. 10 OF  
**BIZARRE FASHIONS**  
 By  
*Renee Fashion Co.*  
 BOX 2804  
 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Design your own Bizarre Shoe Wardrobe.

**Price \$3.00**







Gifford as Nyoka: Our favorite jungle girl at her post, above; waiting at the (sacrificial) altar, top right; and just hanging around, center.

## BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

By Carl McGuire







"Tarzan Triumphs" . . . but we can't say the same for our African queen

**CINEMEMORIES:** She wasn't one of Hollywood's best-known leading ladies. Her acting career, which began in 1940 with something called "Hold That Woman," lasted only about 15 years and consisted of generally forgettable movies. But Frances Gifford had something — a fresh-scrubbed, ladylike sexiness that shone through the most mundane roles, an intelligence (she was trained as a lawyer before changing careers) that made her a believable actress.

And, not incidentally, a tendency to get tied up every time the cameras rolled.

Before the "respectable" part of her cinema career got underway, Miss Gifford paid her dues, as did many young actresses of the day, by acting in a serial. This one, however, turned out to be something special. Called "Jungle Girl," it was filmed by Republic in 1941, based on an Edgar Rice Burroughs story, and years later would be characterized by one film historian as "the best of all the jungle serials." In chapter after chapter, Miss Gifford, as Nyoka the Jungle Girl, finds herself in one predicament after another at the hands of the devious Slick Latimer

or the evil witch doctor Shamba.

And, with each predicament, out come the ropes. Fetchingly attired in the dark continent's most abbreviated skirt outfit, she is tied to a post inside a native hut; bound to a stake in a jungle clearing; laid between two bent-down saplings in preparation for the old cut-loose-the-trees-and-wrench-her-in-twain routine; tied upright in front of a spear-throwing apparatus; roped to a sacrificial altar as a gift to the fire god; and trussed to a horizontal pole and suspended over a fire pit.

Not bad for a 15-chapter serial. And two years later she starred opposite Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan Triumphs" and got tied up all over again, just for good measure. In 1942, Republic resurrected Nyoka in the person of Kay Aldridge in "Perils of Nyoka," a serial that had its moments. But for many of us, the original jungle girl — swinging through the trees, battling crocodiles, quicksand, and evil adversaries, and always managing to wind up helplessly ensnared in one fashion or another — remains our favorite.

For various legal reasons, "Jungle Girl," like a number of classic serials, has never been seen on television. A few intriguing stills are all that are available to jog our memory or pique our curiosity, and those we share with you here.

So here's to Frances Gifford, one of the prettiest captives ever trussed up on Hollywood's backlots. And here's to the other serial queens — Kay Aldridge, Linda Stirling, Lorna Gray, Phyllis Coates, Noel Neill, Adrian Booth, Marguerite Chapman, Ramsay Ames . . . They made our hearts beat a little faster, and they shouldn't be forgotten.

**THE LATE SHOW** — A random assortment of bondage scenes, some of them suggested by our readers, in films that are likely to crop up on the home screens:

**Laura Antonelli**, currently reigning sex goddess of Italian films, is tied to a cross and gagged in the James Garner western "A Man Called Sledge" . . . . . Lovely **Barbara Rush**, as a lady buccaneer, is bound hand and foot, gagged, and deposited on a barrel in a nice, lengthy scene in "Prince of Pirates" (1953) . . . . . **Valerie Perrine**, gagged and tied upright with her arms outstretched, adorns a rock formation on the edge of the Grand Canyon in "Mister Billion" (1977) . . . . . That little devil **Linda Blair** is Martin Sheen's captive in the 1975 TV movie "Sweet Hostage" . . . . .

**Annamaria Pierangeli** does double duty in ropes as twin sisters in the 1960 Italian flick "Musketeers of the Sea." As one sister, she is chained in a dungeon, wrists manacled widespread, and tortured a bit with a hot iron; as both sisters (thanks to a little split-screen wizardry), she is gagged and roped to a pair of adjacent masts as a shipboard battle rages about her — er, them . . . . . A few years earlier, the same lady (her name thoughtfully shortened for stateside audiences) was bound and silenced in a desert tent in 1954's "The Silver Chalice," but a blink of the eye would have caused you to miss that one . . . . . Ex-fashion model **Cristina Raines**, wrists handcuffed behind her back, is taken for a ride with George Segal in "Russian Roulette" (1975) . . . . . **Esther Williams**, regrettably with a bathrobe over her customary swimsuit, spends a little time with her hands fastened behind her back on a sailboat's deck in the 1958 soap opera-adventure "Raw Wind in Eden" . . . . . We may not know her name, but we are in her debt for a nice performance: In "Decoy for Terror," we find a copper-haired girl kneeling on a basement floor, arms overhead with wrists roped to the ceiling, a strip of tape over her mouth. Fearful of the psychotic killer's return,





**BEATS US** — We don't know who she is and she isn't speaking just now, so we're not able to identify this prettily gagged actress. What we can tell you is that this beguiling scene is from the 1961 motion picture "When The Clock Strikes." Still photo courtesy of Ira Kramer, Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003.



**SILENT MOVIE** — That's cowboy star William S. Hart tyin' up that there damsel in this movie publicity photo from the 1920's. (Photo from the Movie Star News Bondage Photo Collection, c/o Ira Kramer, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003).

she struggles, moans, and generally does a bang-up job as a helpless captive . . . . .

**Margaret Lindsay** is a particularly effective hostage in the 1935 shoot-em-up "G-Men." Bound hand and foot and tightly gagged, she is stashed in the back seat of a car inside a gangland garage as good-guy Jimmy Cagney plots her rescue. In the battle that ensues, one of her captors drags her out and stands her up as a shield — but doesn't reckon on Cagney's marksmanship . . . . .

Finally, for those who may have had the bad luck to miss it, 1965's "The Collector" ranks among the best of the bondage-oriented films. Spirited away by kinky Terence Stamp to a remote cottage, **Samantha Eggar** spends much of this provocative film with rope on her wrists, and one scene, midway through, is an absolute stunner: Surprised by a neighbor's knock as his captive takes a bath, Stamp rushes into the bathroom, stuffs a washcloth in her mouth, secures it with a black scarf, and — she struggling like a wildcat — manhandles her up against a pipe, to which he fastens her dripping midsection with a strategically-placed towel (thank you, Mr. Censor), and then lashes her wrists together with rope. She can't escape — but after he races out to greet his visitor, she can complicate things: Stretching out a shapely leg, she twists the bathtub faucet with her toes, the water overflows the tub, spreads out beneath the door, and . . . enough. This one is not to be missed.

**DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SERVICE** — A number of readers have asked if we know of any cinema bondage scenes involving their favorite actresses. In some cases we can be of help. Here are the requests to date:

•**Sophia Loren** — We know of one scene: In the 1960 western "Heller in Pink Tights," Miss Loren, as part of a production by a travelling theatrical troupe, is tied on her back to a horse, which then gallops offstage.

•**Raquel Welch** — In "The Four Musketeers" (1975), she is chained by her wrists to the wall of a convent room by Cardinal Richelieu's henchmen. Her rescue by D'Artagnan, alas, comes all too soon — and the scene is cut even further for television.

•**Jacqueline Bisset** — In addition to the scene in the secret-agent spoof "Le Magnifique," mentioned in Bondage Life #3, this lovely creature can also be found, dripping wet after an unexpected dip in the pool, with her hands cuffed behind her back in the 1976 Charles Bronson mystery "St. Ives." As a police detective prepares to haul her in on a murder charge, she tries one last ploy: Gesturing helplessly with her hands, she asks

sweetly, "Won't you at least help me out of these wet clothes?" Fadeout . . . . .

Two other correspondents have asked for word on bondage scenes starring **Rita Hayworth** and **Diana Dors**. We know of none; do any of our readers?

**DEPARTMENT OF SCHOLARLY RESEARCH** — On the question, first raised in Bondage Life #3, of the actress who has starred in the greatest number of motion picture bondage scenes (aside from serials and TV series), the search goes on. The digging thus far, however, has turned up some interesting candidates. Three actresses have qualified with four films each:

•**Virginia Mayo** with "South Sea Woman," "The Flame and the Arrow," "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," and "King Richard and the Crusaders," the latter two with particularly good scenes.

•**Debra Paget** with "The Haunted Castle," "The Ten Commandments" (tied to the Golden Calf — remember that one?), "Anne of the Indies," and "The Most Dangerous Man Alive," which has a memorable sequence, part of which finds the well-tied and gagged Miss Paget flung over Ron Randell's shoulder like a sack of flour.

•And the queen of the R-rated S&M flicks, **Cheri Caffaro**, with "Ginger," "The Abductors," "Girls Are for Loving," and "A Place Called Today."

The two winners, however — at this point in the proceedings, at least — are, with five films each:

•**Maureen O'Hara**, everyone's favorite Irish colleen. She was trussed up in one fashion or another in "Bagdad," "Buffalo Bill," "The Black Swan," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (the 1939 version; a lengthy sequence), and "Jamaica Inn," that little-seen Hitchcock film that gained cult status through the reference to it in Eric Stanton's classic "Bound in Leather."

•And **Karin Dor**, a pretty, dark-eyed German actress who seems to have specialized in lady-in-distress thrillers in the '60s. She can be found tied (but, curiously, never gagged) in these films, all regulars on American TV: "The Last Tomahawk," "Assignment Terror," "Target for Killing," "Carpet of Horror," and — for those who appreciate a little subtlety in their film titles — "The Torture Chamber of Dr. Sadism." Aside from that last film (which has a smashing scene involving another actress, a movable St. Andrew's cross, and a set of sharp spikes), none of these movies has any particular merit beyond Miss Dor's attractive presence and her talent for looking beleaguered when the ropes are applied.

Any other candidates? □



# REQUEST PERFORMANCE



ODDS BODKINS BY THE UNKNOWN BOUND BEAUTY — Some fantasies come true for bondage fans — pillowslip and panty-head bondage, for which we still get the occasional request. Do you know the identity of this intriguingly-swathed Bound Beauty? The only hint we'll give is that she is a recently-visible member of the Harmony Bound Beauty Corps, so, maybe you'll be able to identify her after a bit of consideration. In case you can't, we'll do it for you in the "Tielines" column of our next issue of Bondage Life.



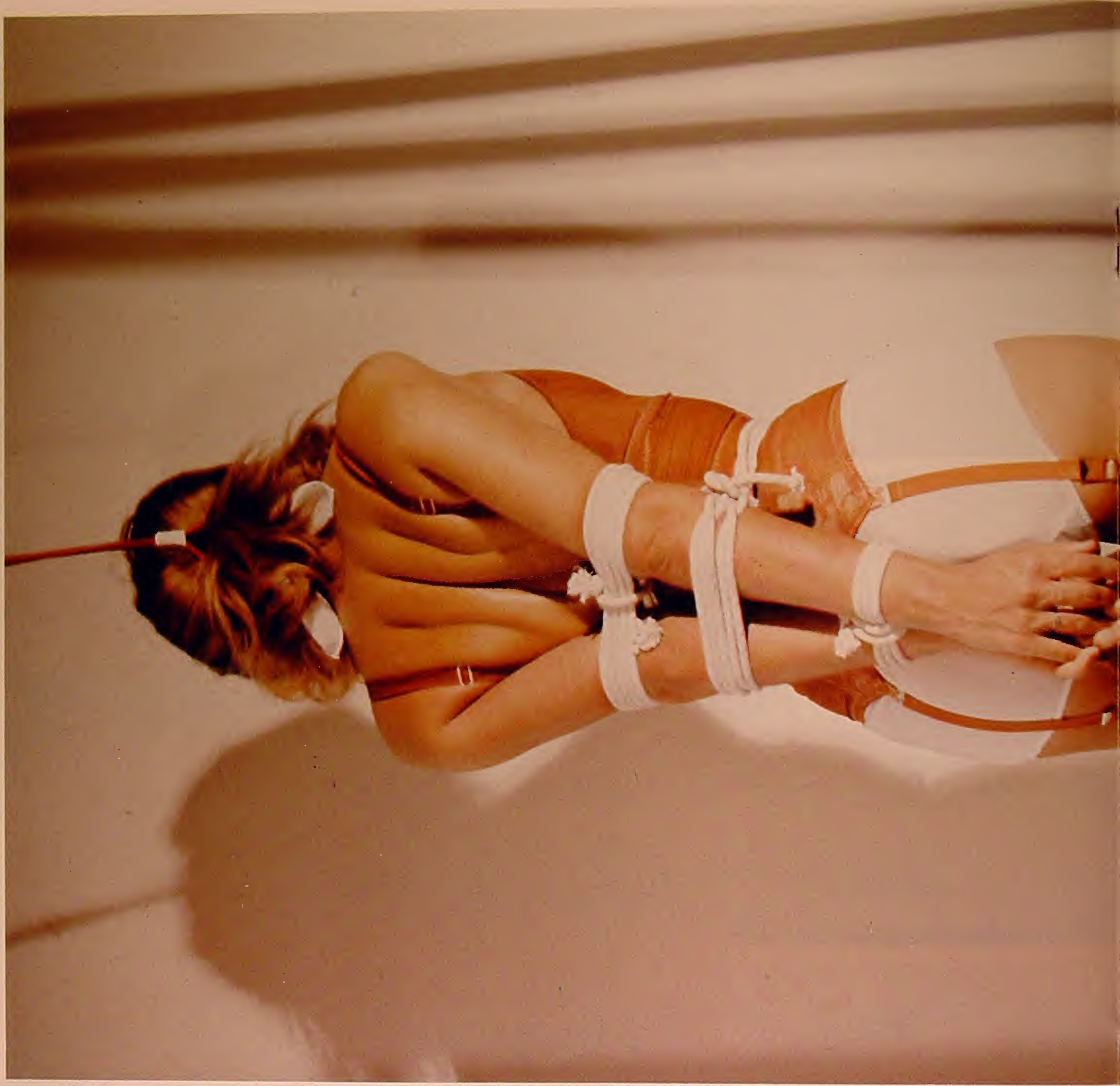




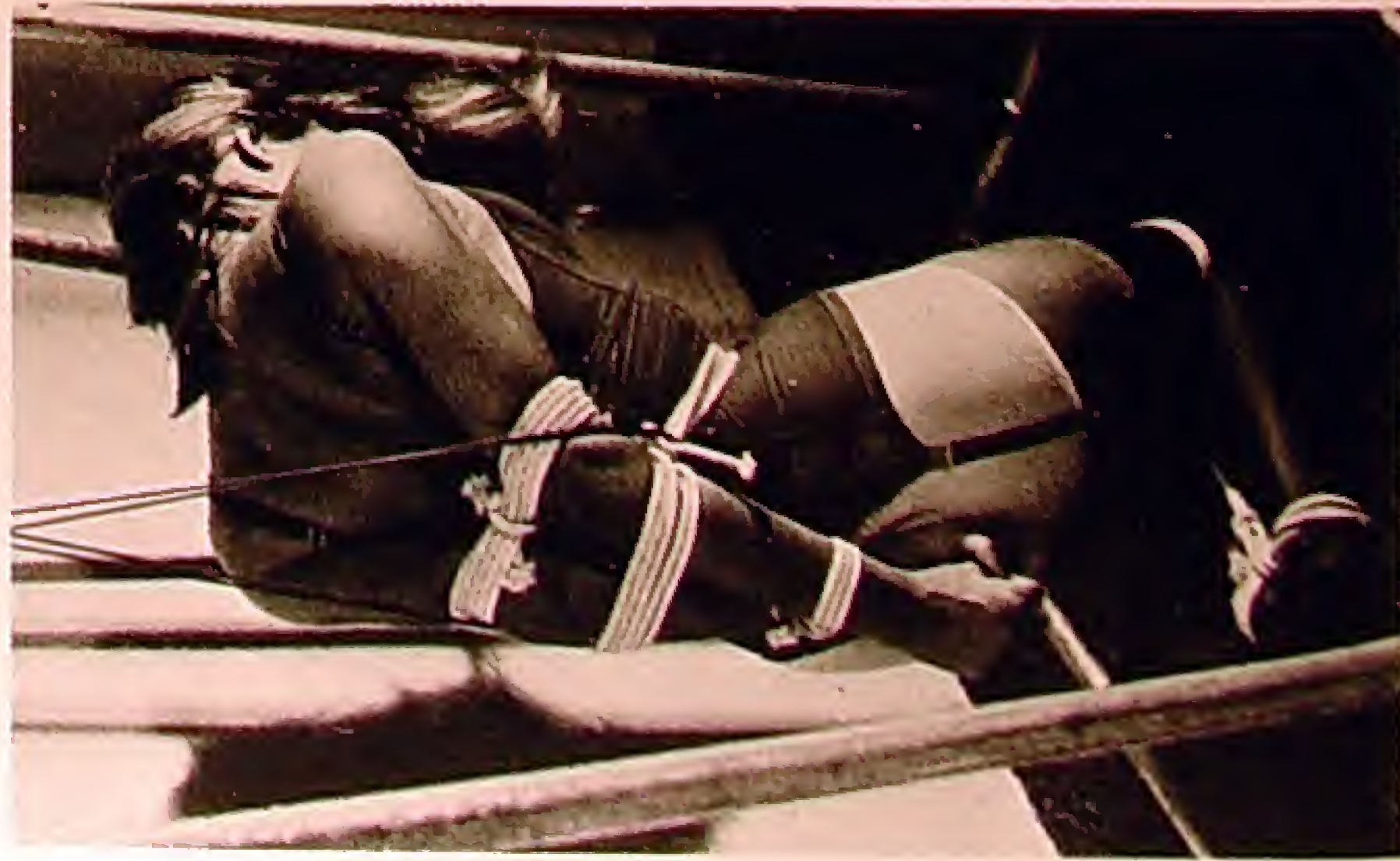
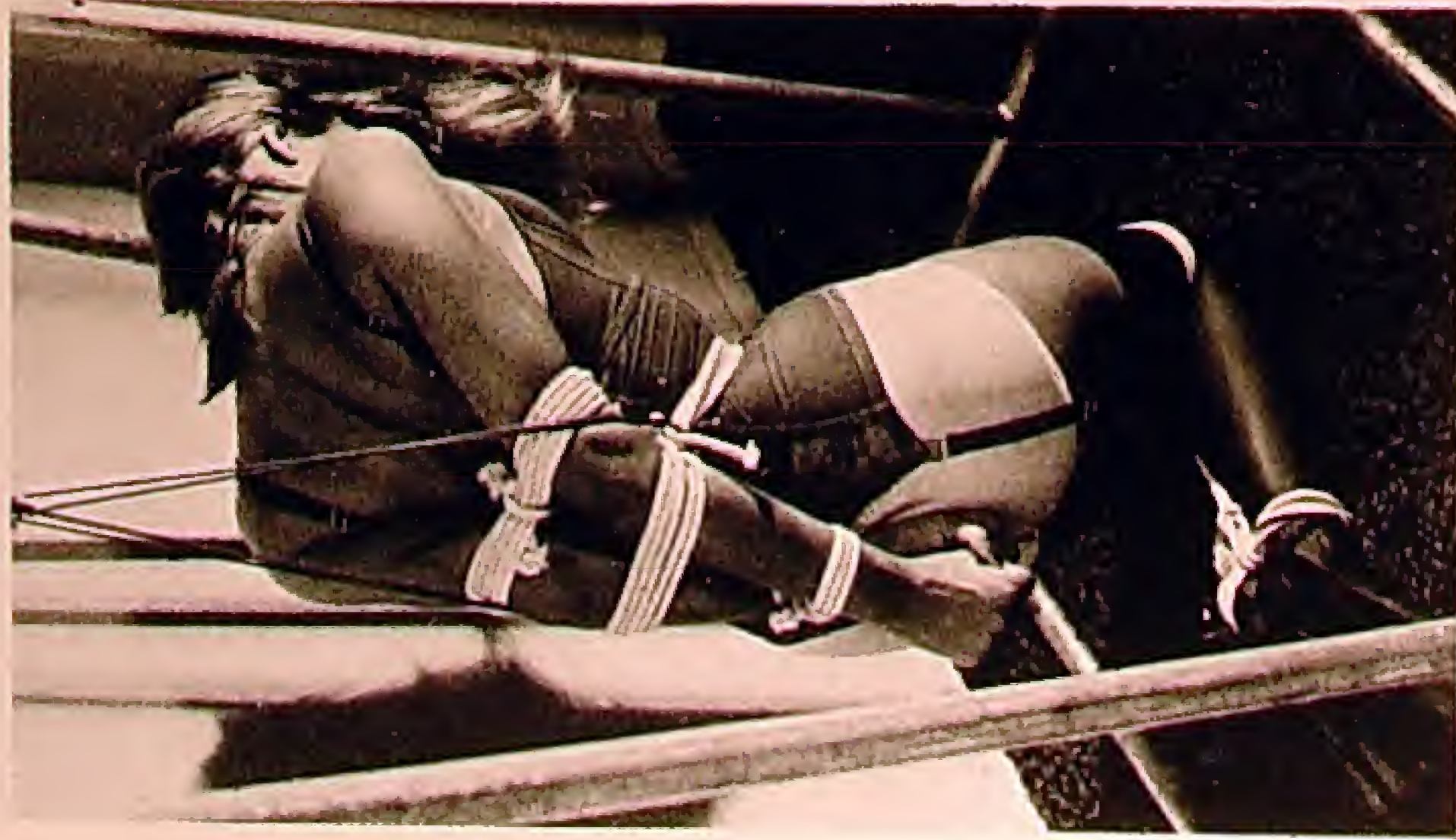




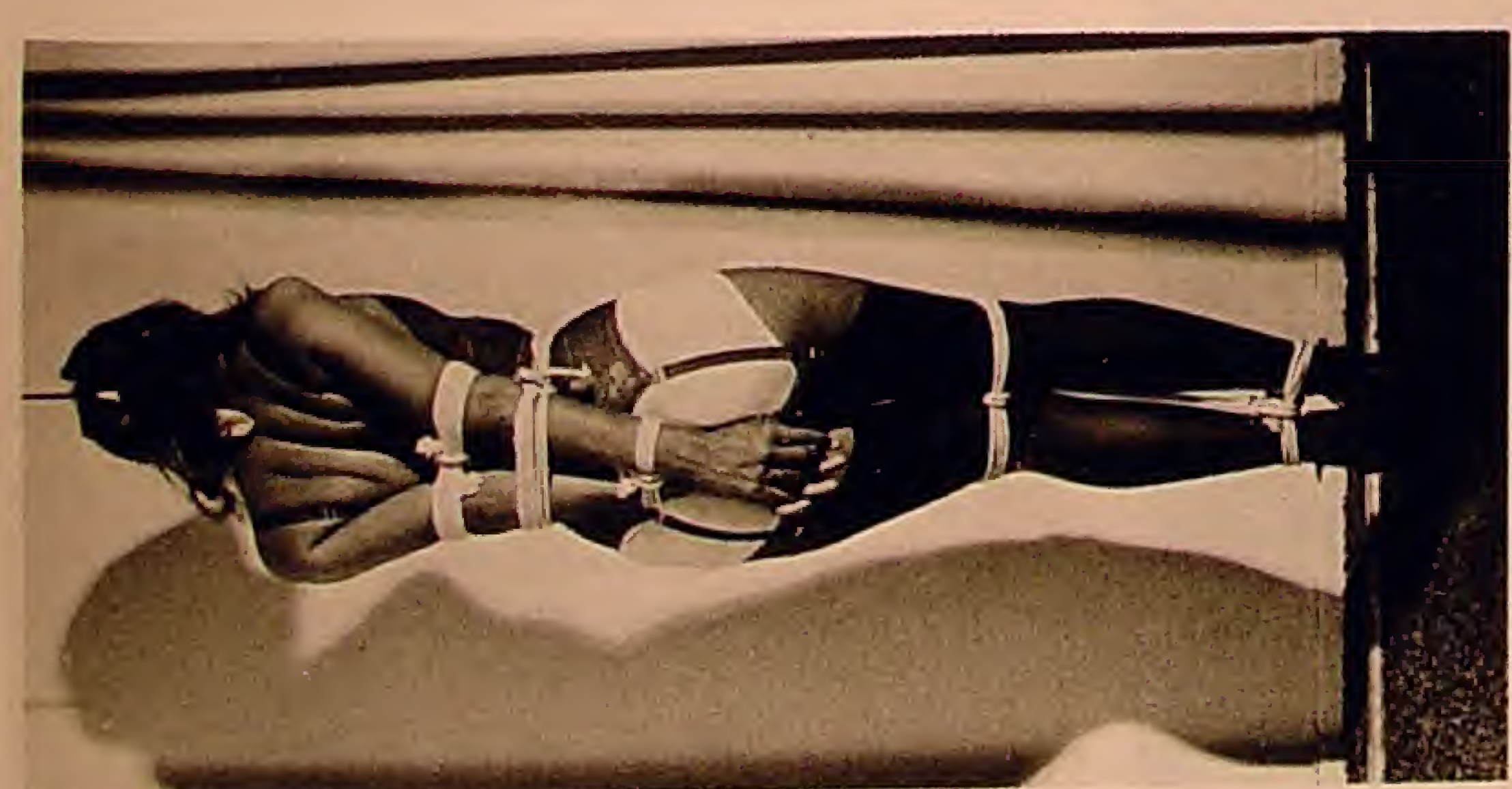
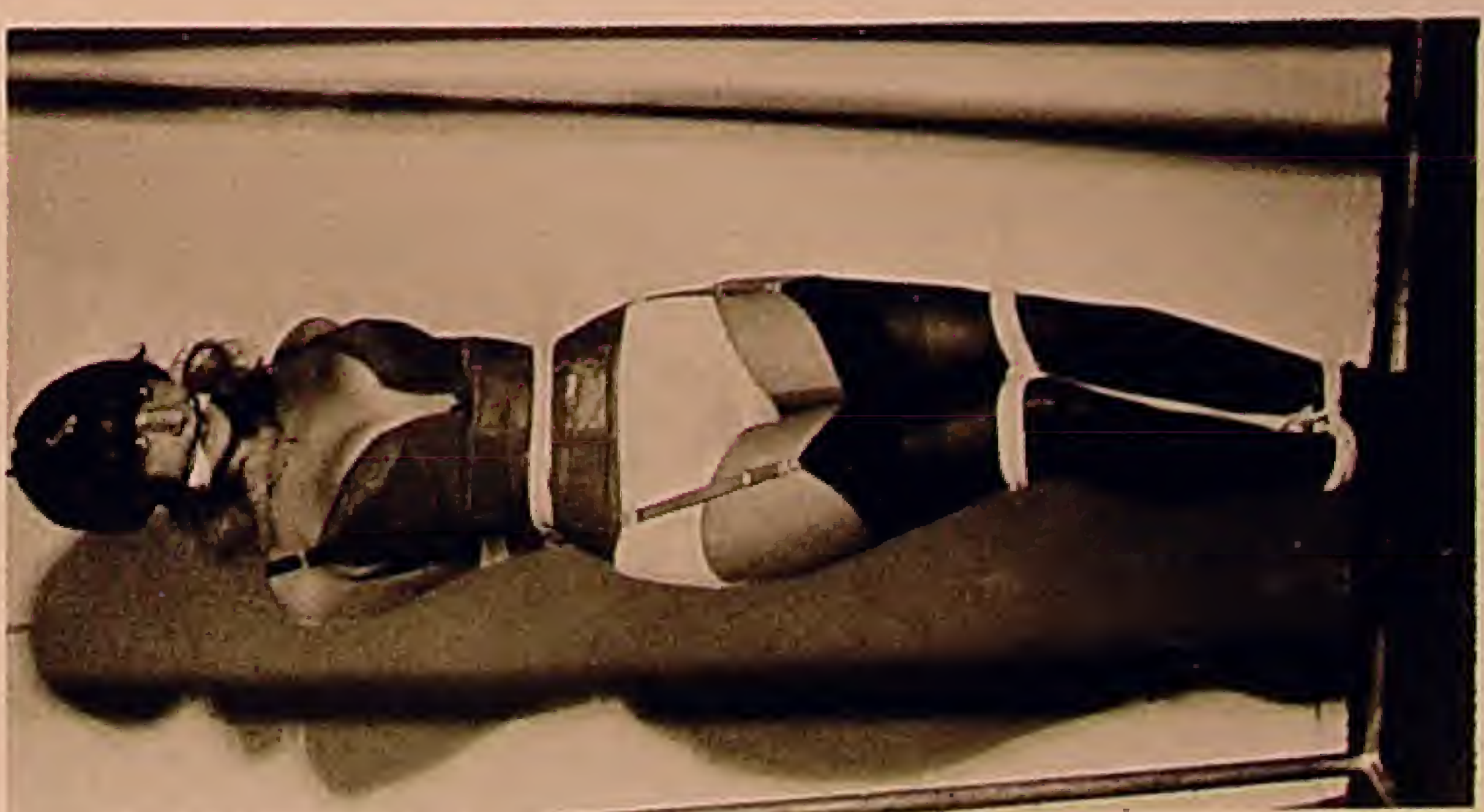




**IT'S CALLED "BOUND AND GAGGED"** — A favorite phrase of ours, that. Who wouldn't be a little moved by these beautiful scenes of luscious Michelle Page?









## THE TRICK

*By R*



# By The People

**OUR MAN IN THE CARIBBEAN GETS PUT IN A BIND**

**GET OUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS (AND GAG  
YOUR SWEETIE)**

**"LESLIE," CHAPTER TWO - SOMEONE BETTER SIT  
DOWN AND TALK TO THIS KID**

**"BONDAGE MEDITATION" - ENRAPT BY THE  
WRAPPINGS OF FEMININITY**

**PHOTOS & DRAWINGS**

I'm one of those men who is blessed - or cursed, if you like - with the love of bondage. The blessed aspect is obvious to anyone so inclined, and if you are reading this, then I assume you share my interest. The cursed aspect is that my wife rarely indulges my desires. And when she does condescend to bondage, it is in the most uninterested and lacklustre way.

My wife, Heidi, is a strikingly beautiful woman with long black hair, a full voluptuous body, but she is of a dominant and independent nature. She is physically and mentally a very strong person. I often thought she would make a perfect lesbian, if she were so inclined, which she is not.

My story started one evening about six. Heidi was getting ready to go to a women's lib meeting, and I was lounging naked on the bed trying to talk her into staying home and making love instead. She was determined to go to her damn meeting, and I realized there was no dissuading her, so I perversely changed the subject to bondage. Her pet peeve subject!

"Ok then, Honey," I said. "Why don't you tie me up and leave me like you've done before?" A few times before she had consented to this request of mine. With much head shaking and mumbling she had loosely roped and strapped me. Never an adequate bondage job. She just wasn't into it. She would go to the movies or one of her damn meetings for a few hours, and I would work free in no time. All in all, these were some very unsatisfactory bondage experiences. She simply didn't enjoy making me helpless. It turned her off, she said.

Heidi exhaled in exasperation and turned from the mirror to face me. A slow smile flitted across her face. "You'd love me to tie you up and make love to you, wouldn't you?" she asked from behind that sly smile. A shiver ran through me.

"You're damned right I would," I replied, "And you would enjoy it too." I was completely taken aback at this complete change in attitude by my very straight wife.

"Alright Honey. Go get your ropes and belts and playthings, and I'll do you up the way you like."

I couldn't believe my ears. I rushed to my closet (my special closet) and returned to the bedroom with my arms full of gear. I stood gawking in amazement. Heidi had put on her black nylon panties and the five inch patent



pumps I had given her for Christmas several years ago, and in which she had never appeared before. Nothing else! she leaned against the dressing table and looked at me in a thoughtful and rather serious way.

"You tie your legs the way you like them," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. I sat on the bed and proceeded to strap my ankles together with several turns of leather with a cinch of rope between them. Then I tied my legs just above the knees, also cinched with rope, so they were firm but comfortable. I then wrapped a long leather strap three times around my upper thighs and drew it firm. I looked up at Heidi who had been watching this procedure with amused interest.

"You do a good job," she stated. "Now let's see if I can do it as well... better than I have in the past."

It was like a dream come true. This beautiful lady who usually sneered at bondage talking that way. I couldn't believe it.

"Ok," she came forward. "First I'll put this baby oil on your body so the ropes won't hurt so much! Fat chance of that, I thought. She oiled me well and then took a five foot length of cotton rope and looked down at me. "On your stomach, lover," she commanded, and I complied. She wrapped my wrists rather loosely together behind my back, but then she took another length of rope and ran it across my upper back, under my arm pits and behind my neck where she knotted it. Then taking the loose ends she tied them as a cinch to my wrist ropes and drew them firmly upward. Now they weren't so loose.

"How's that, Honey?" she asked, as I rolled on my side and looked at her in wonder.

"Very good," I replied honestly. "You're getting into the spirit of the thing now... finally." She didn't say anything. Her mouth grew firmer, and she pushed me on my stomach and began strapping my elbows together as close as they would go with my wrists drawn up as they were. "Have to keep those elbow straps from slipping down now." She mumbled as she cinched the leather with rope and tied it up to the neck rope. I was beginning to feel the excitement of my helplessness. That excitement that I so much enjoy. And I was looking forward to what was coming up next.

"Now, lover, sit up...if you can." I struggled to a sitting position using my bound hands as leverage and to steady myself. She laughed as she observed her handiwork so far. "You really do enjoy being tied-up and helpless, don't you?" she asked with a serious expression on

her face. "I sure don't know what you get out of it."

I simply grinned at her. "It's exciting, that's all."

She gave another laugh, sarcastic this time, and then she became all seriousness. "You're not tied well enough yet." She dug through the remaining bondage gear and produced some of my two inch leather straps. "You can move your arms away from your body to balance and move around, and that's not good." She strapped my upper arms and elbows to my body with two turns each and then buckled them tight...much tighter than I thought her capable. Then she passed a short wide belt around my waist and pushed me on my stomach again and proceeded to tie my well-bound wrists to the waist belt.

"My God, Heidi," I gasped, "Take it easy. I can't make love to you if I'm *too* helpless." Where was the indifferent wife of the past?

"Who's going to make love?" she laughed sarcastically and gave my bare bottom a sharp crack with the strap in her hand. I stung like hell, and I yelped. "You can make love to the floor, as far as I'm concerned," she snarled, and she cut me across the back with the strap.

"Owww! But you promised. I thought we were... Why?" I gasped. She rolled me on my side, so I could look up at her.

"You love it, don't you?" she snarled again. No token bondage this time. She had me. I was a prisoner of my own desires, and I had expected her to carry through and make love to me and then release me. My wildest dreams come true!

"Yes. Yes, I love it," I snapped at her, and I tried to struggle back to a sitting position. "But we *have* to make love now. That's what it's all about." I fell back as I lost my balance.

She grinned cruelly. "You're really excited. I can see that," she snarled, "But *not* tonight lover."

I couldn't believe it. "You filthy bitch," I shouted and managed to sit up with my feet over the edge of the bed. "Let me go now, or at least loosen these bonds a bit." I was beginning to get mad and a little bit afraid.

"You're in no position to call me names or to make demands," she replied. "In fact, what are you doing without the traditional gag?" Quickly she stepped out of her nylon panties, came forward and straddled my body. She cramed the wadded panties in my mouth and wrapped several turns of her red scarf around my head, knotting it tightly at the nape of my neck. I was really frantic as she got up and went to her closet. she

took off her pumps and slowly dressed in front of me in boots, jeans and sweater. "You see, lover," she explained, I've been studying those bondage books and photos you keep in your closet. And, as you can see - and feel - I learned a lot. How does it feel?" I rolled around on the bed with muffled protests and pleas coming from my stuffed and gagged mouth. I had never known such complete helplessness, but I managed to sit on the edge of the bed once more, teetering there, glaring at my lovely wife.

"That won't do," she said thoughtfully with a finger to her lips. "You shouldn't be able to sit up like that."

What the hell! I thought, I'll never be able to free myself from this mess. Then she produced *another* rope and stepped toward me.

"Once you showed me a picture of a girl tied in what you called a *hogtie* position. I think that is what you need to complete your bondage."

Oh, hell, I gasped into my gag. Not that too! I shook my head frantically. No, no! But, yes she hogtied me. Hogtied me as thoroughly as Sweet Gwendoline or Betty Page were ever tied. My immobile wrists were drawn tightly to my ankles. I lay face down on the floor where she had maneuvered me so I wouldn't fall off the bed. How kind she was!

She paused at the door and looked back at me lying there in my complete helplessness like a well-wrapped package. My eyes pleaded with her, and I protested as best I could behind the gag.

"Really, I *should* blindfold you to make it complete," she said sweetly, and I thought she was about to come back. "But I'll do that *next* time. I'll be home around one o'clock. Have fun."

The door slammed and the latch clicked. It was seven then. Six hours! I thought, And she's always an hour or so late. *Next* time! Hell, It's *this* time I'm worried about. That bitch! That damned, sadistic, beautiful, dominant bitch! I began to test my bonds for looseness or slack. Nothing! I rolled on my side and turned my head to look in the bottom of the full length mirror. All I saw was a totally helpless man staring back. He was trussed, bound, gagged and sweating, mad and helpless, furious at being left in such a state - such a desirable state of bondage.

It was then that I saw the knife she had left lying by the dresser on the floor. If only I could inch my way over there. Just fifteen feet. The ropes cut cruelly and the leather creaked around my aching body, and my tired muscles burned as I started squirming inch by inch toward my salvation. □

*A Reader in the Caribbean*



# "TO LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY"

## Lyndia's Bondage Wedding Fantasy





Dear Harmony,

Like all previous issues, I fully enjoyed the latest *Bondage Life* magazine. The bondage stories are very thrilling and the pictures are excellent. In the section *By the People*, the letter about *Lingerie Bondage* prompted me to write to you about a very simple insignificant object that is used in bondage quite often. Believe it or not, what I am referring to is a simple man's large handkerchief.

As long as I can remember, I have always been fascinated by men's handkerchiefs. I have no idea as to how it ever started. It might be because my dad always wore a white handkerchief in his breast coat pocket, and, when watching my mother iron all his handkerchiefs, they always looked so nice and neat afterward.

What got me interested in bondage was seeing how handkerchiefs were used for gags in gangster movies. Also in western movies, as you know, they wear neckerchiefs. These are sometimes large handkerchiefs or bandanas. Whenever a person is tied up in a western, he or she is usually gagged with a neckerchief or bandana.

In many books and stories pertaining to bondage there are references made to the victims being gagged with the use of a handkerchief. In such books as "9½ Weeks," the author tells how she was gagged with two handkerchiefs; one was stuffed into her mouth and the other was tied tightly across her mouth. In the latest issue of *Bondage Life*, there is a story entitled "Leslie" by a reader in Texas. Within the story, different characters are gagged with white handkerchiefs. Also in "Captive," by Brian Sands, the heroine at one point in the story is gagged with a white handkerchief.

I think that a man's large handkerchief is one of the most popular, simple, healthy and useful items of equipment for a person who has a fetish for mild bondage. Men's large handkerchiefs are very easy to come by and they don't necessarily have to be white. The next size handkerchief up from a regular man's handkerchief is the very popular bandana handkerchief. The bandana handkerchiefs usually measure 24" x 22" where the regular large man's handkerchief is 18" to 20" square.

A handkerchief can be used in bondage for either a gag or blindfold. Some people like to use one handkerchief and others like to use more than one. Here are a few ways a handkerchief can be used in bondage;

#### ONE HANDKERCHIEF GAG

Fold a handkerchief into a triangle. Roll it up and place the center of the handkerchief into the subject's mouth

deep between the teeth. Then tie the two ends together tightly behind the head. Another way a single handkerchief can be used for a gag is to fold it into a triangle, then fold it until it is about three inches wide. Place the center of the band either in or over the mouth of the victim. (This type of gag is better in the mouth rather than over the mouth). Then tie the two ends tightly behind the head.

#### THE TWO HANDKERCHIEF GAG

This is started by taking one handkerchief, making a wad of it and placing it inside the mouth. Then take either a rolled up handkerchief or one that has been folded into a band, place the center of it over the wad in the mouth,



and tie the two ends tightly behind the head.

Another way in which two handkerchiefs can be used for gagging is by first folding a handkerchief into a triangle. Next make a wad out of another handkerchief and place it into the apex of the triangle, then roll up the handkerchief. After this is done, the center of the rolled up handkerchief will have a big lump. Stuff the lump into the mouth and tie the two ends behind the head. This method of using a wad rolled up into a handkerchief was used in a story "Ronnie" in a past issue of *Bondage Life*; however, scarves were used instead of handkerchiefs.

#### THE THREE HANDKERCHIEF GAG

First take a handkerchief, wad it up and force it into the mouth. Next take a rolled up handkerchief, place the center of it over the wad in the mouth and tie the two ends together behind the head. Then take another handkerchief folded into a band, place it over the rolled up handkerchief and tie the two ends behind the head. Variations in using several handkerchiefs would include adding one or more handkerchiefs wadded inside the mouth, tying more than one rolled up handkerchief in the mouth and placing one or more regular square folded handkerchiefs over the mouth before tying in the three inch wide folded handkerchief over the mouth.

#### HANDKERCHIEF BLINDFOLDS

It is very simple to use one handkerchief for a blindfold: fold it into a three or four inch wide band, place it over the eyes and tie the two ends together behind the head. There are various ways in which more than one handkerchief can be used in a blindfold; one would be to place a rectangularly folded handkerchief over the eyes before tying the folded one into a band. Another is to place a regular square-folded handkerchief over each eye before tying the folded band.

You can also combine this by placing a regular square folded handkerchief over each eye, then placing a rectangularly folded one over the two square ones and then tying the handkerchief folded into a band over the rectangular folded one.

Back in the first issue of *Bondage Life*, Ryan Paul wrote that he had yet to meet anyone interested in bondage who is not fascinated by either a piece of clothing worn during bondage or a particular item used in bondage. One of the items mentioned was a well applied cloth over the mouth of the victim. To me, this well applied cloth is a large handkerchief.

Keep up the good work with *Bondage Life*. □

*A Reader in New York*



FROM A READER IN  
WASHINGTON



FROM A READER IN  
LOS ANGELES



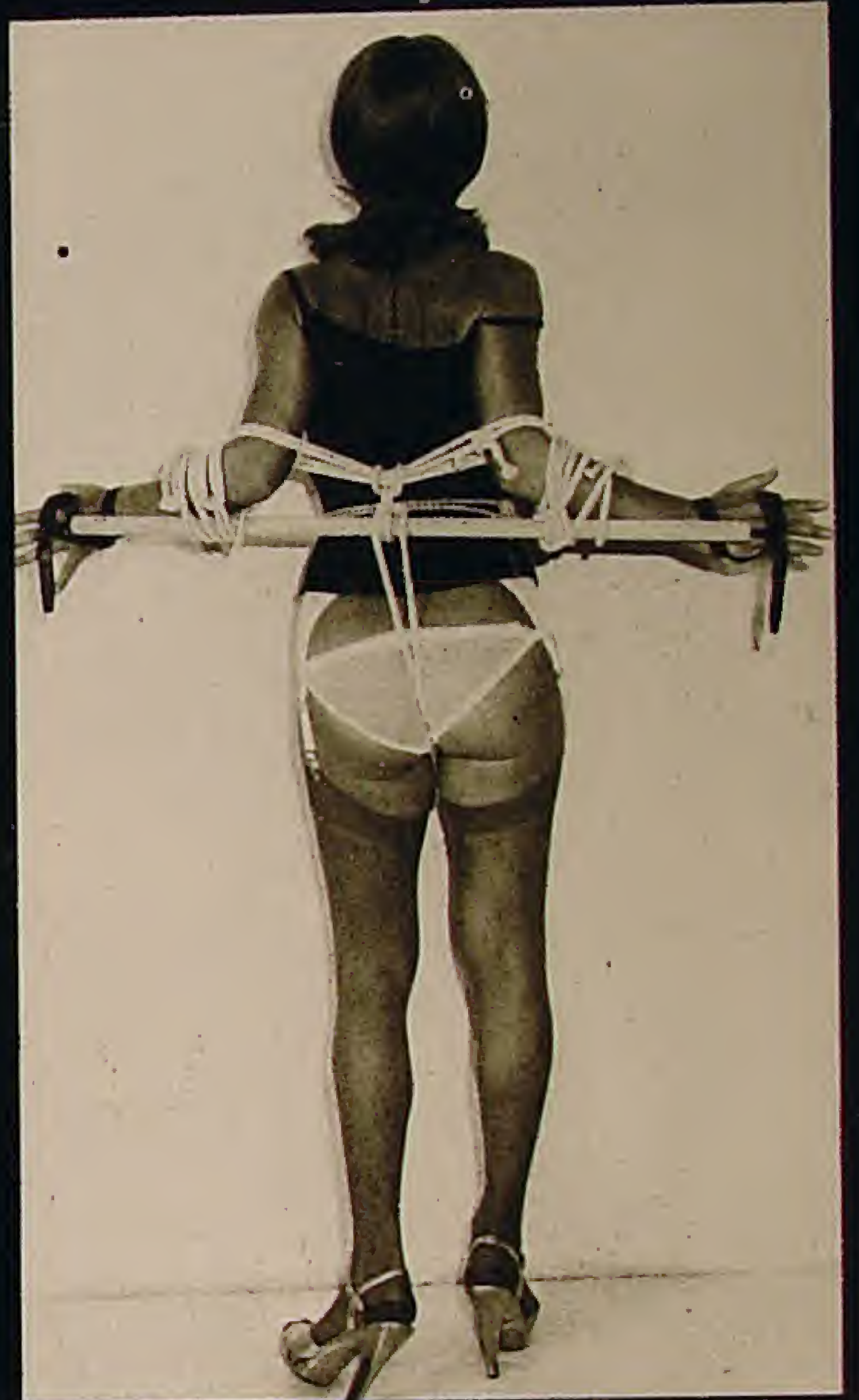


FROM A READER IN  
ENGLAND





FROM A READER IN  
EUROPE







## BONDAGE MEDITATION

**A** lone again. She won't be back until around midnight: I have several hours to do by myself what she won't do with me. Time alone with ropes and straps, gloves and corsets, stockings and high heels. Time to meditate, relax, enjoy my sexual self.

I walk out to the store room to get my special suitcase. Neighbors walk by and we exchange smiles. I wonder how they would react if the case fell open, exposing my collection under the lights of the car port.

Inside, I lock everything on the door: the button on the handle, the dead bolt, and the chain. The chain catches my attention and holds it. What if I struggle fruitlessly to release myself? What if I'm still bound when she comes home? She can't get in because of the chain on the door. I'm unable to unhook it. How would we explain things if she needed outside help?

I unhook the door chain. The dead bolt will have to do.

Swinging the suitcase up over the end of the bed, letting it drop flat onto the blanket cover, I'm already beginning to feel different. There's a charge of excitement in the air. For a moment, I'm standing high on the steep sand at Waimea Bay, waiting for a lull in the thunderous shorebreak, awed by the 30 foot waves off the point. As the time comes I adjust the long board under my arm, and I start the slow walk that will become a powerful run, launching into danger and excitement.

Then I'm here again, and the excitement is in the suitcase. Unbuttoning my shirt, I walk into the bathroom. I can imagine the sequence of dressing and bondage while I'm under the

shower. I can imagine the silk of stockings as I'm soaping my legs. As I get closer to the nozzle by standing tip-toe, I can anticipate the lift of high heels.

Showered, dried, my naked skin feeling hungry for sensation, I return to the bedroom and open the suitcase. All that fascinating potential for feeling alive. A pair of black pumps with four inch heels. A pair of dark brown sandals with five inch heels. A plastic bag full of silky nylons, and another full of pantyhose. Several pairs of long gloves, including one in white kid and another in black stretch satin. a red satin hourglass corset, with black trim and black laces. Garter belts, Merry Widow corsets, panty girdles, longline girdles. Tucked behind them there are coils of straps, and soft white rope. A pair of handcuffs and a red ball gag, all that potential for fascinating fantasy.

I shake the plastic bags empty, so that I have a pile of stockings and a pile of pantyhose. There is one pair of pantyhose that I'm particularly fond of. I wish they were grey or black, instead of light beige, but I like their smooth and silky feeling on my legs, and the slit in the crotch panel fits perfectly. Besides, the color doesn't matter when I'm wearing stockings over them.

Before sorting through the pile, I check my fingernails to make sure they won't snag or catch on anything. Gloves protect the hose but they also prevent the pleasure of glossing fingertips on nylon, silk, and satin.

Wearing pantyhose is like shaving: they make the legs smooth



and hairless, fit to be sheathed in nylon stockings. Sometimes I think of them as a foundation garment for the legs. This pair is delightful.

After scrubbing my toenails in the palm of each hand, I shake the hose out and let them dangle so that I can find the back of the panty. Transparent heels towards me; transparent toes away. I'm about to draw this skintight covering over my feet, my legs, and my buttocks. And when I've done that, I'm going to feel different and look different. There will be that gentle pressure from the waist down. My self image will change, and so will the quality of my self-esteem. My legs will look smoother and longer. And there will be other changes.

The fantasy is beautiful. You can wonder how beautiful its plunge into reality will be. *You can wonder* about that, and *I know* that I have to know. Will the realization of the fantasy be more beautiful than the fantasy itself? The only way I know of knowing that... is acting it out.

I hold the left leg open. The right hand gathers material near the crotch, and the left hand gathers material which will cover high on the outside thigh. Pointed toes centering between my hands, entering the hose. *My* toes can enter almost all the way down to *its* toes. I can pull the hose almost all the way up on my thigh. Some slight adjustments at the toes and heel, some sensuous smoothing, from toes to hip and crotch... with just a little attention to detail the fit is perfect and the feeling's wonderful.

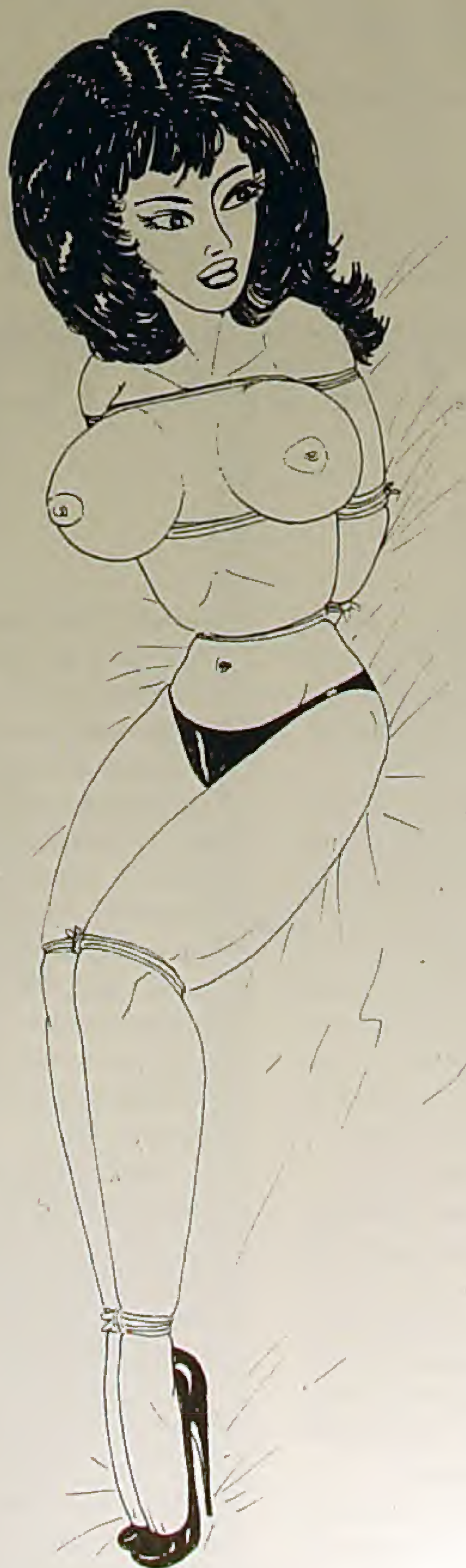
Holding the right leg open is different. The material I gather in my right hand includes the waistband of the panty. I have to balance as my right toes stretch my leg into the hose.

Again, all I need is some slight adjustments at the toes and heel, some leg smoothing to the crotch and hip, and some buttock smoothing, left and right. My legs feel silken already. They feel vaguely voluptuous as they slide together. I feel my mouth soften, and I know that the feelings will grow on me.

I notice that my breathing is becoming slower and deeper.

Around the bedroom, into the living room, down the hallway to the front door, into the kitchen. I walk lightly through the apartment. I imagine myself invisible, the tightly shaped pantyhose walking around empty like a TV commercial. From the smooth embrace of nylon on skin I can *feel* the moving shapes of my legs. I feel that my walk is becoming more graceful and refined.

If she were to see me like this, I'm afraid she'd become embarrassed, uncomfortable, tense. If only she could



accept it, and then enjoy it. I know we'd be more relaxed with each other, and more intimate. I wish she could enjoy me like this.

I find myself walking high up on my toes, thrusting strongly up to the hips, and yet relaxing down from the shoulders, letting my upper body be free. I see images of gloriously high heels, extravagantly arched. I wish I had shoes, knee boots, and thigh boots, with heels like that. I see a pair of knee length toe boots in polished black patent. Incredible heels, at least nine inches high.

My five inch sandals are way below the fantasy. But I know they're going to help me feel really good right now. I also know I'm going to be balancing on higher and higher heels in the future. I'm looking forward to that.

But all I'm wearing now is a perfectly fitting pair of pantyhose. I'm walking on my toes, but my heels are free to touch. Before I perch them high on heels, I want stockings, gartered to a girdle.

Many have taught that you must become who you are. For me, self-realization must include bondage, and erotic dressing. And that's one interesting feature of becoming your being...you might become what most would consider a pervert. Courage helps, and self-esteem.

I pick out a longline girdle in black lycra with a panel of smooth satin down the front. It has six garters. Three for each stocking. As I free it from the suitcase, the suspenders rattle lightly together, like leaves on leaves.

They rattle, too, as I step into the girdle, like stepping into a very tight skirt. The legs going are a creamy sliding sensation. The thrill reminds me: I really like these pantyhose.

I pull the girdle, creamy sliding, up to my thighs. Then, pulling much harder, I wriggle my hips even deeper into the tightness. When I have it smoothed all the way it reaches up my torso, it comes to where the bottom of a bra would be.

I breathe slowly and deeply for a while, reveling in the clinging pressure. I find myself stretching high up on my toes again, but this time standing still. I can feel nylon and lycra, clinging tightly from my soles to my breast. As I breathe out, I tighten the muscles in my calves, thighs, and torso, and I try to lift higher on my toes. I wanted to be even higher, by balancing on slender heels. I take a few steps, on fantasy heels. The suspenders bounce lightly against my thighs.

My excitement is growing.

I return to the bedroom, and pick out two pairs of nylons. Like a connoisseur of fine wines, I have learned to make very fine sensory discriminations. I have



learned that different combinations of pantyhose and stockings give different sliding sensations, leg on leg. All are exciting, but some far more so than others. The black seamed stockings over the seamless grey. I've tried that twice, and memory tells me the combination is exquisite.

Thumbs inside the tops of the seamless grey, my fingertips draw the nylon up into a rolled ring, with enough transparent foot to insert my toes. Toes inserted, the ring unrolls as I pull it up towards the garters. I tug gently on the stocking tops, adjusting for a sensation of even pressure. When I reach for the other stocking, the seamless grey does not slide down. It clings to the pantyhose. Soon I'm wearing two seamless greys, and they both cling to the pantyhose.

The seamed black stocking are very soft and silky. As I stretch my toes into them, they slide smoothly and easily up my legs. It's like a prolonged caress. When I reach for the second stocking, the first falls down around my knees. I garter them carefully, adjusting for even pressure. It's a delight to straighten the seams, and to reach around to attach the back garters. Now there are three layers of nylon on my legs and lycra on my torso.

I sway gently on my feet, enjoying the smooth pressure. My face relaxes more. I feel marvelous. I wish she could enjoy being with me when I'm like this. I feel soft, and warm with love, and lonely for her.

I lift myself tall on tip-toe again. I'm ready to be lifted by those heels, and I definitely want the five inch sandals.

The obsession wants to have me fully bound, even though it knows it already has me fully bound. It also wants me to put a female into total bondage. It wants us to be mistress and master, slave and slave. It is surprised that she has no interest in being mistress and slave. The obsession thought she was the right woman for the roles.

It's not exactly a magnificent obsession; indeed, its qualities are definitely superior to magnificence. Its radiance transforms experience. Warmth and Light. Its energy brings joy to the bondage relationship. The bondage obsession, when harnessed with love, releases an abundance of creative energy.

The five inch heels are in a plastic bag near the several pairs of long gloves. I am pleasantly surprised by the desire to draw a pair of long gloves on first, and then a pair of glove sleeves, to glove the arms all the way up to the shoulders. A pleasant, time-consuming diversion.

I choose the gloves in black stretch satin. The only pair of glove sleeves is in

black satin. They were my first gloves of stretch satin in that color. I ordered them too small, and when the fingers began splitting, I cut the glove hands off just above the three-button opening. A few snips with the scissors and I have a pair of hands and a pair of sleeves. I throw away the hands and keep the sleeves.

I pull the sleeves up over the long black gloves, all the way up my shoulders. They look dramatic, bizarre. Wearing them is sensational. I take plenty of time to smooth them from the fingertips to the shoulders.

I watch the glossy black index finger, stretching for the delicate heel straps in dark brown leather. With my other hand, I brush the transparent plastic clear of the shoes. As I try the weight, dangling them from the hook of my curved finger, it worries me that she says her husband has become a stranger to her. I'm worried because I'm finally showing her who I really am. There is a very real possibility that she will leave me.

Our friends must think I'm crazy. I'm married to a gorgeous, brilliant, sensitive woman, and our lives have become separate because bondage is a problem. She refuses to meet my sexual needs and so I refuse to meet hers.

She's seeing another man and I'm coming to terms with the compelling attraction of the bondage passion. I need a truly bizarre relationship with a truly exceptional woman, one who looks stunning in black leather, rubber, heels, gloves, corsets, and in dominance and submission. How can I find her?

Maybe I'm going to have to create her myself, as I've been creating her since early teens. The dominant part of me can tie the submissive part of me, as erotically as possible. I know it's not the real thing, but I've thoroughly enjoyed it for about 25 years now.

To enjoy the real thing, I need a loving woman in a dominant mood. For a little touch of heaven on earth, I need to be completely at her mercy, to be teased, tormented, perhaps even tortured.

I sit on the bed and reach down to fit the right shoe on my foot. With the strap tightened, the buckle rests on the nylon just inside of the outer ankle. I point my toes, to make the line of the leg more graceful. The height of the heel is dramatic, and so is the arch of the shoe. Before putting on the left shoe, I walk around the apartment for a few minutes. I try balancing my walk by standing high enough on the left toes. It's a little bit thrilling that my left leg and foot are not strong enough to match the arch over the long tapering curves of the heel. The best I can do is to limp with erotic overtones.

I sit on the edge of the bed again. I

reach down, holding the left shoe in the left hand. The dark brown leather, the delicacy of the narrow straps, the highlights on the black satin on the fingers that thread the strap into the buckle. The tine of the buckle fits easily into the widened hole. I'm worried that the strap will break at that point. These shoes are too exciting to throw away.

It's always a fresh experience, always a new experience. Walking in high heeled shoes gives me a dramatic sense of pleasure. It excites me. There's a titillation in the muscular play of balancing on the heels. There's a real satisfaction in mastering graceful movement. I imagine a dancing queen, entrancing me with her high-heeled foreplay.

I walk carefully around the apartment. I pace back and forth. I sit down and stand up. I rub my legs together. I feel now that I'm properly prepared. The preliminary ritual steps have been taken. I'm ready for bondage.

Why am I alone? I'm bringing out my sexual self, and my emotional self. Why can't I share myself with somebody? What's wrong with me?

And from more than two decades out of the past, as clearly as that day when it imprinted me, my father's warning:

"If you don't stop doing this, we're going to have to take you to a doctor, *to find out what's wrong with you.*"

What *is* wrong with me?

Or am I OK?

Perhaps the only thing wrong is that I think there's something wrong.

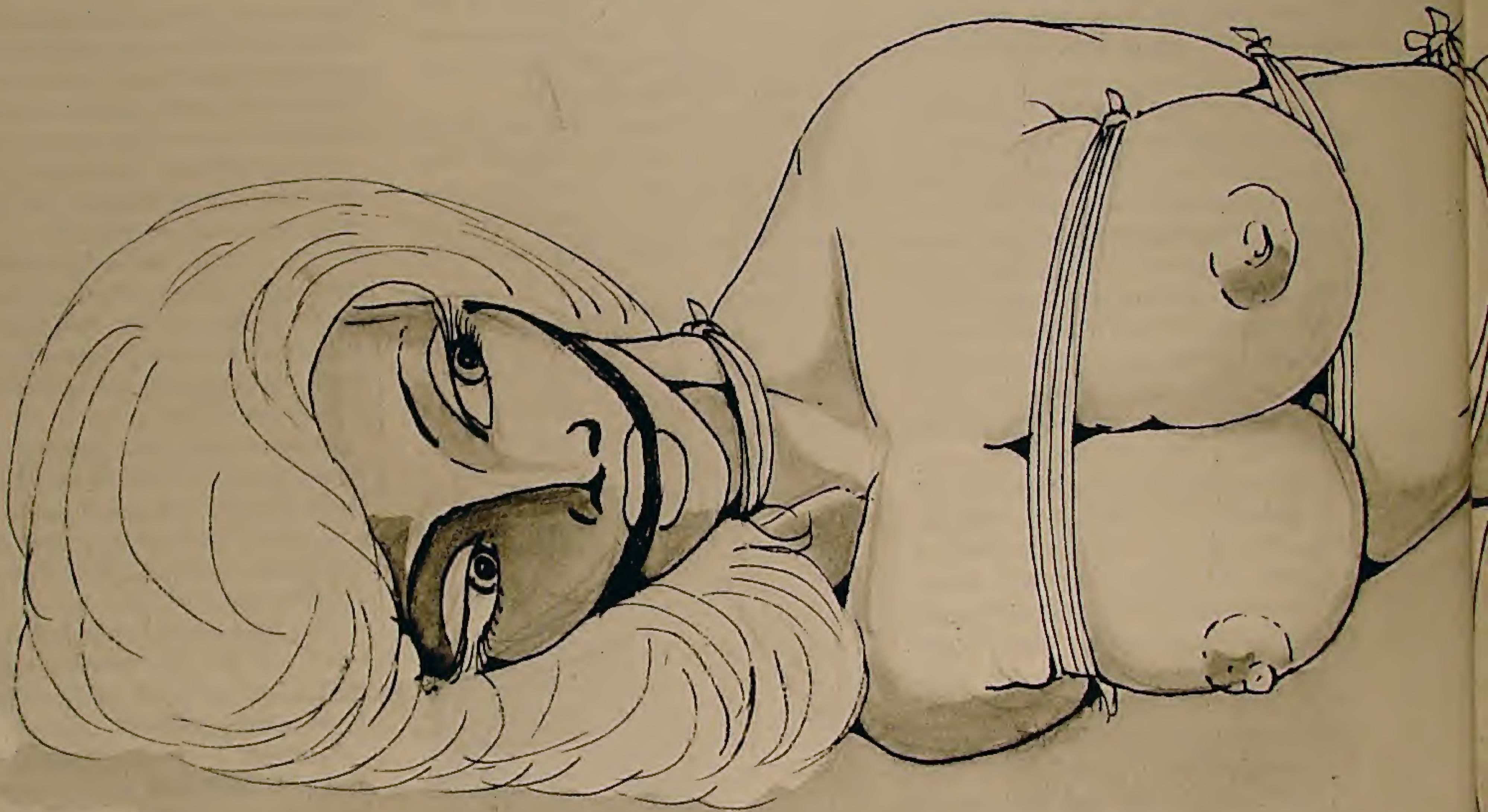
What a bewildering state of consciousness: Schizophrenic flip flops, unpredictably alternating, back and forth. In one moment I'm deliciously entranced by the role of bondage princess. In the next I'm caught in a nightmare. Solitary, outcast, unworthy of love, afraid of discovery and ridicule.

Bondage will complete the trance. It will bring me back securely into a fantastic captivity, one which I love and want never to escape. I have just created a really delightful network of restraint sheathes. That's what I want to pull my way and wriggle my way into. It binds me softly yet strongly, and very securely. It's the kind of bondage you want to relax and fall asleep into. It feels wonderful.

It's actually a network of girdles and panty girdles. I discovered how to put it together when I was trying to devise an anchor for a single glove. The single glove was a lucky inspiration.

I had seen an ad for long legged panty girdles. They come in three lengths; mid thigh, below the knee, and all the way down to the ankles. I thought I saw a way of turning the below-the-knee girdle into a single glove.





It's easy to turn such a girdle half inside-out, with one leg fitting inside the other like a sleeve inside a sleeve. It's not so easy to sleeve your arms together behind your back. I needed a way to anchor the girdle behind my shoulders, like a real single glove.

I ended up using a regular girdle, one with neither panties nor legs. I drew it on *upside down*, so that the suspenders that would have gartered the stockings at the front of the thighs were now passed back over the shoulders to anchor the top of the single glove. The suspenders that would have gartered the stockings beneath the buttocks were now dangling free down my back.

I turned another long legged panty girdle half way inside out. I pulled the doubled leg over one high heeled shoe. I balance on that one foot, and work the other heel through the tube of lycra. When I get the second shoe through, I find myself standing precariously, my legs in a lycra hobble skirt that reaches from ankles to knees. The top of my hobble-skirt girdle comes up to my buttocks.

I take a firm hold of the top of the hobble skirt. By pulling up and wriggling my legs deeper into its doubled sleeve, I draw the skirt all the way up to my crotch. It holds my thighs and knees in a firm embrace.

Now I realize that the arrangement works perfectly. I can attach the suspenders hanging down freely to the top of the hobble skirt girdle. That keeps the hobble skirt pulled well up and it gives a downward pull on the upside down girdle which, in turn, keeps the single glove pulled high above the elbows.

To get my right hand, in black stretch satin, into the sleeve opening, I have to force it high behind my back. Once the arm is all the way into the sleeve, though, I have little difficulty getting the other arm in there with it.

So this is what a single glove feels like! This kind of single glove anyway. One made of black kid, designed for tight lacing, would feel much different. I want to get one. I want her to use her strength and firmly corset arm to arm behind my back, lacing the single glove's black







leather tight as a drum.

But, for now, this feels just wonderful. I struggle hard to extricate my arms from the glove. The black stretch satin of my gloves slides against the tight sheathing of the white lycra. Black gloves writhing snakelike within a tight white sheath.

My excitement continues to grow.

I want a slavemistress, to obey and command me.

I want to look at myself in the living room mirror. But walking is extremely difficult. The tight lycra hobbles me in a close embrace. Small, mincing steps cost considerable effort. I move mere inches every time.

I have to be extra careful on the high heels. The hobbleskirt is beginning to feel like a thigh corset. With my arms hanging down helplessly behind me, tightly confined together in that lycra glove sleeve, I cannot afford to stumble.

I'm surprised how hard I have to work to walk. The nyloned thighs and knees, sliding strongly against each other, feel delightfully slippery and polished. I fantasize a tyrannous mistress, forcing me to walk from room to room, mocking

my movements, my tiny steps and swiveling hips.

I imagine her positioning me in front of the mirror, forcing me to stand there as a punishment. I know I can move whenever I choose to and I wonder what it would be like to stay in standing bondage longer than my interest and endurance.

What if she were to return right now, for instance, finding me helpless like this and, feeling aggressive enough to take advantage of it, what if she were to tie me tighter? What a thrill it would be for her to cord my ankles together, then, tugging the ends forward, to cross them over my instep and thread them under the arches of the shoes.

I can feel her finishing the tie by pulling the cord firmly up, almost lifting my heels off the ground. She crosses the cord behind my ankles, pulls it around in front, and uses the remaining length to cinch the network together.

But she's not really here. And if she were to return right now she'd just be upset. I'd end up feeling guilty and ashamed of myself, out of place in an

awkward relationship.

A bondage slavemaster needs a bondage slavemistress, and she needs him. How can they find each other?

My arms feel well bound. The single glove holds them with even pressure from above the elbows to below the fingertips. Looking over my shoulder, I can see the reflection of the black satin glove sleeves, and the contrast with the white single glove. The single glove completely encloses the hands and fingers. It dangles heavily on my back, like an elephant's trunk.

I can feel the body embrace of the inverted girdle that anchors the single glove and the hobbleskirt. I can feel the body embrace of the longline girdle that garters my stockings. I love the silken sensations of sliding my thighs together in the tight embrace of the hobbleskirt.

I start paying attention to the play of balance on my high heels. I can visualize the curve of the heels, recapitulating on another scale the curve of my calves, smoothly sheathed in silky nylon. In the mirror, I can see light playing along the curves.

I can clearly feel now that my weight is distributed on four points. A small proportion may be taken by the arch of the foot resting on the arch of the shoe, but most of the weight is taken on the heads of the metatarsal bones and on the heels. The heels and the metatarsal heads. By swaying gently, I can play my weight on them.

If you can't enjoy doing *what you really want to do*, how crippled is your capacity to enjoy the rest of life?

I am really absorbing myself in this feminine play. It is simultaneously fascinating and subtly exciting. I wonder how many women can enjoy their heels as deeply as I can, and as high. How many women have mastered even four inch heels, let alone the five that I'm wearing now? I see exciting images of the classic six inch pump, in black patent, the six inch boot to the knees, in black and red patent, the towering ballet boot, that laces tightly over shins, knees, and thighs. One of these days.

It's an exploration, and it's always an exciting one. My heels are together, and my toes. I focus on the slight bend in my knees. My weight is forward, on the toes and the metatarsal heads. I can feel some of the arch and the whole of the heel, the unweighted sole in contact with the shape of the shoe. Since the sandals are open-toed, I can lift my toes so that almost all my weight is balanced on the metatarsal heads. As I do that, the soles of my feet increase the pressure on the arches of the shoes.

I try straightening my legs, pulling my



weight shifts back onto the heels, and the soles of my feet press more firmly against the arches of the shoes. I tighten my buttocks, and make my legs equally rigid.

I feel the urge to enjoy my hobbled, high-heeled walk again, so I dissolve the imaginary cords around my feet and ankles. I am now a high-heeled slave girl, confined from my knees to my shoulders, and from my shoulders to my fingertips, in layers of tightly clinging lycra. My stockinged legs rub against each other in an orgy of sexual sliding.

Tiny step by tiny step, learning better balance on the way, I move back into the bedroom. I center myself on the bed by falling onto it and then improving my position with caterpillar-style wriggling. Resting my cheek on a pillow, I take time to breathe, relax, and organize my thoughts and feelings.

There's a little bit of paradise in being bound like this. The sheathing on my body and limbs is soft and comfortable, yet strong and secure. I wonder how long it would take me to fall asleep. Would I be able to surrender to this pressure holding me, or would I want to struggle against it, to escape it?

My excitement continues to grow deeper and richer. I know I can reach orgasm quickly, so I'm careful not to trigger a sensory sequence that will lead to release. If I trip an orgasm, I know I'll want to free myself. The edge of excitement will have been blunted, and the entrancement of bondage will become irritation.

It makes more sense to be patient, to let the excitement develop naturally and slowly. Teased by my slavemistress, I might be able to go from orgasmic height to orgasmic height. By myself, I'd rather play the edge of orgasm. Playing it beats plunging headlong over it.

I lie for a long time flat on my stomach, my left cheek on the pillow. When I start getting into the depths of a fantasy, my sense of time changes. Time goes sometimes slowly and sometimes fast.

My shoulders are becoming uncomfortable. I relax them by working my arms, gloved to the shoulder in black stretch satin, against each other and against the lycra cocoon that gloves them as one. I tense and relax in perfect harmony with the outbreath and inbreath. I become very familiar with the many feelings of tension and relaxation. I can sense tension early, and I know how to relax with the breath.

My shoulders and arms now feel warm, heavy, and totally relaxed. I surrender them to the embrace of the single glove.

I roll over on to my left side, bending

the thighs together puts a very sexy polish on them. I surrender some more to the bondage. I notice how difficult it is, when I'm breathing in, to overcome the constriction of the lycra sheath and expand the ribcage as a part and the torso as a whole. Expanding from inside takes real effort when your whole body's embraced in soft, strong, lycra sheathing.

I have a transient desire to tie my feet tightly into a network of firmly cinched cording. To free my arms, tie my feet and ankles, and then imprison my arms again would be a distraction at this point. Those high heels can be free to kick against the stricture of the hobble. Next time I'll tie my feet, strap a ball gag in (the red one, the only one I have), and pull a helmet over my head *before* I imprison my arms in the sleeve of the single glove.

For tonight, the shoes will be all the foot bondage I need. Delicately strapped and elegant they might be, but those shoes are delicately strapped and elegant hobbles. They seemed joined by an invisible ankle chain when I put them on, and they still do. The heels are so high that I can't decide whether walking in them is more difficult, or standing in them. And now they're free to kick against the stricture of the hobble.

I press my left cheek to the pillow and look back under my raised right shoulder. Kicking feet, hobbled knees, stockings and high heels. The stockings and heels look truly bizarre.

I stop kicking and let myself relax in the lycra sheathing. I become aware again that expanding for an inbreath takes a real effort.

I think about her again. I feel that my love, my energy, and my creativity are specifically stimulated by bondage. I find it so easy to relax when I'm in bondage. I know how deeply we would feel connected, the two of us relating as sexual slave and mistress. I don't think she can see the romantic power of the fantasy, this, or any other bondage fantasy.

There's a lifetime of pleasure-seeking creativity behind the lifetime of bondage fantasy. I can remember, all the way back to my early teens, so many dressings and bindings, and the changes in style through the years. All those rich, colorful adventures, all that exquisite creation of excitement.

Unless I'm with someone who can share that eagerly with me, I feel that I am being put up with, catered to, or humored. I feel patronized.

If people knew about me, most would say that I'm very strange. I'm also very much alive, and very real. I'm aware of

tired. The soft girdle clings so strongly to my waist.

I want to wriggle my hands and wrists, still inside the single glove, into a more decisive bondage, a more stringent one. I work my hands to the freedom beyond the opening of the single glove. It is made easier by the sliding of satin on satin and lycra.

Through the satin fingertips, I feel for the doubled circlet of strapping. Finding it almost immediately, I begin the delicate work of threading my hands and wrists through the circlets.

At first it's hard to believe that my hands will ever go through. I realize that the satin gloves might make it possible, but I remain very skeptical until my questing fingers suddenly sense a way to work through and snare my wrists. With some squirming, with the digging of an elbow and a frantic writhing of fingers, the circlets suddenly slide over my thumbs.

I am webbed in a lightening shatter of fear, like shatter lines in an impacted windshield. The fear flickers through me like energy through a flashbulb. Something tells me that my wrists are strapped for good. I'm afraid that possibility has been realized. I think I have trapped myself.

My excitement skyrockets. Am I trapped or can I free myself? I don't want to test at first. I take time to relax and settle into the bondage. Will this turn into one of those rare episodes of genuine panic? Will I find, to my relief and disappointment, that it's a false alarm?

And suddenly it's not a false alarm. I suddenly realize that only part of me has heard her car coming down the driveway. Now all of me is aware that she is parking under the car port. I hear the engine die. And silence. Why is she back so early?

I am very frightened. She is about to find me helpless in my fantasy, lying bound across the bed, with the open suitcase, the piles of stockings and pantyhose, the straps and ropes, all my forbidden playthings. □

By Jason Scott

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# LESLIE



## THE SECOND CHAPTER

**F**or the second night in a row, Leslie was the only girl in the house who slept unfettered. Teri had gone a long time without sleep due to her older sister's cruel whims so that, even though she was bound at the wrists and tied spreadeagled style at the ankles, she slept soundly the entire night. The two ladies in the master bedroom were not quite so fortunate. Having been bound together face-to-face, Joyce and Michele endured a fitful slumber. Joyce never really went to sleep. Her stepdaughter's new brand of viciousness had been building to such a crescendo that now Joyce was terribly frightened. She was frightened for herself and for her other stepdaughter, Teri, who she knew would never oppose her older sister. Leslie had always dominated her and these recent events were nothing more than the logical conclusion of their relationship. Joyce was most concerned for the buxom blonde to whom she was currently bound in a bizarre embrace. Michele, her new lover, had been tricked into donning one of Joyce's bikinis under the pretext that she and Leslie would take a swim in the pool. It was likely that the last thing Michele would remember before having fallen into a drugged sleep would be how tender she had been with Leslie as they lay side-by-side on the bed. She would be totally disconcerted and terrified when she awoke and Joyce hoped that she would get a chance to explain the predicament they had gotten themselves into.

But even though Leslie had tied their hands behind them, the fact that she bound them together (and nearly nude at that) brought familiar stirrings through Joyce's senses. Had she not been gagged, she would have kissed her sleeping lover; no matter

that Michele had been eager to hop in bed with Joyce's stepdaughter on the first hint of tenderness. She had never wanted to be possessive with Michele, she just wanted to enjoy her. Michele stirred again and Joyce hoped that she would awaken though she wasn't sure why. She would do very little explaining with that ace bandage wrapped tightly around her mouth. She frowned mentally at the realization of how little help Teri would be in extricating them from their captivity. She knew that she herself would try anything at the first opportunity that presented itself, but she knew not when that opportunity would come. Joyce looked to Michele as a spark of hope. Unfortunately, Leslie was running these same thoughts through her head as she sat in the living room downstairs sipping her tea.

Leslie was confident that she could come home from college and begin the domination of her younger sister and her stepmother with facility. She knew them. Michele, however, was an unknown quantity. Had she a stronger will about her? Could she be controlled? Was Leslie powerful enough to deal with all three of them at the same time? She was unsure of the answers to these questions, so she decided to solve the problem by enlisting the aid of her former friend and instructress. She took a final swallow of tea and dialed the number of her dormitory at college. When she asked to speak to Brenda, the unfamiliar voice at the other end said the housemother had gone to bed and was not to be disturbed.

"Please remove her gag and tell her that Leslie is calling," was Leslie's terse reply. She heard some scuffling sounds in the background and soon Brenda was in a position to answer. "It's wonderful to hear from you, Leslie. How have you been?" asked the housemother. Her voice was cheerful but labored. Leslie



stepdaughter twisted slowly around in the morning light above her, Joyce moved up and tried to raise Teri's head with her shoulder. It may have been some help, but Teri's head was still collecting blood from the rest of her body. Joyce then lost her balance and fell down, leaving the poor teenager to dangle upside down again. Before she could stand up again, Joyce was joined on the floor by Michele who hit with a sickening thud. Leslie had carried her downstairs on her shoulder and deposited her unceremoniously among the other captive beauties.

"Don't worry about Teri, Joyce," Leslie said in mock concern. "She'll be alright. Hanging upside down is certainly not comfortable, but it's not really dangerous if done for less than an hour or so. I learned that from Brenda. She's coming over today, by the way. Oh Joyce, you and the other girls will love her. She's really a dear to give up her Saturday to visit us." Joyce looked over at Michele, still tantalizing in the purple bikini. Oddly enough, the ropes and gag took nothing away from her attractiveness. Then she gazed up at her stepdaughter who was attired only in the white panties she had been wearing when Leslie put her to bed last night. She also looked beautiful despite the bondage. Actually, her suspended position sort of flattened her belly and evened out her usually fleshy hips. But then she thought of how much Leslie seemed to be enjoying all of this and became enraged. She struggled to her feet and kicked out at her elder stepdaughter as she yelled obscenities in her direction. The commotion was short-lived as Leslie simply shoved her back on the floor and stuffed a knotted handkerchief in her mouth. All three captives were stricken. There would be little hope of escape now that Leslie was to be joined by a helper. They wondered who Brenda was and where Leslie had come to know her. They guessed at the university, but she had never spoken of this Brenda before.

They had only seconds to wonder since Brenda was knocking presently at the front door. They heard Leslie squeal in delight as she admitted her friend through the door. And their hearts sank as she stepped into the recreation room. She was a large woman. She must have been 5 feet 8 inches tall with a voluptuous figure to match. Leslie was of average height and weight and it must have taken great effort to carry Teri around, being the large sister. But there would be no such difficulties now. Brenda was beautiful with long brown tresses which unlike Leslie's, were expertly arranged in a delicate frame all around her lovely face. She was wearing a beige suit with a matching jacket and white gloves. She appeared to be a woman out to do a day's shopping at some of the more expensive stores in town. There was something else about Brenda. She was in complete domination of the situation. She had thus far said nothing, but all present knew that she was the force to be reckoned with. She removed her gloves and jacket as Leslie made the introductions.

"Brenda," she began excitedly, "this is my stepmother. Her name is Joyce Walker." "How nice to meet you, Joyce," Brenda said with a smile. "I'm sure you're very proud of Leslie. She's a wonderful girl and an astute pupil. This must be Teri." Brenda had moved over to the swaying teenager and patted her bottom gently. "We'll have to slim this down a little, huh Teri?" she said with the aplomb of a physician. "But I don't think you ever mentioned this beauty in the bikini, have you Dear?" Leslie introduced Michele as her mother's new girlfriend with a wink. "Wonderful," said Brenda joyfully. "Then they can learn together. That's always so nice. What would you like to start with, Leslie? It's your show."

Leslie reminded Michele happily that she still owed her a swim in the pool. Brenda thought this a marvelous idea and why don't they all go for a swim. "Great," beamed Leslie. "But I don't know what to do with Joyce. Just before you came, she tried to kick me. And you should have heard the names she

called me."

"Well," sighed Brenda. "I guess Joyce has to be punished until she changes her attitude. Tell me, Dear, was that big thing I saw in the kitchen as we passed a meat freezer?"

"Yes," Leslie replied anxiously. "But there's nothing in it. There won't be until next deer season."

"Perfect. Now you change and get Teri into a swimsuit and I'll take care of Joyce."

Brenda and Leslie walked up the stairs together talking excitedly like the two old friends they purported to be. Leslie went into Teri's room to get a bathing suit while the other woman searched Joyce's room for suitable clothing. Brenda then returned to the recreation room and removed most of Joyce's bindings. She then forced Joyce to don a pair of tight-fitting slacks and a pullover sweater. Brenda then bid her lie down again and she went to work binding her hands behind her back. After making sure that the raven-haired woman's gag was secure, she tied a three foot rope to the wrists. Then she forced a pair of leather boots on Joyce's feet and tied them together with the rope attached to her wrists. "Hog-tied" was the expression which came to Joyce immediately. And the meaning of Brenda's interest in the freezer was not lost on her either. Now Leslie returned wearing a black string bikini which, against her will, stirred up the old feelings in Michele's hips.

"You look lovely, Darling!" said Brenda. Leslie had always been her favorite resident and pupil at the dormitory. "Come give me a hand with your stepmother as long as you're here." They lifted up their prisoner, transported her to the kitchen and deposited her lightly in the freezer. Leslie turned it to a temperature of 30 degrees while Brenda went to get the unfortunate woman a pillow for her head. "Don't worry, Joyce," said Brenda in a comforting tone. "We'll only leave you here for an hour or so. There's plenty of air in here for that and the time will pass quickly if you spend it thinking of how uncooperative you have been for your lovely stepdaughter." The lid of the freezer clicked shut gently and Joyce began trembling. She would tremble from the cold shortly, but right now she was shaking in fear. Again, she laid in the darkness and cried.

"This one seems to need a little sun," joked Brenda as she threw Michele over her right shoulder. She opened the door with her free hand and spilled the sunlight into the room. When Brenda had made her exit, Leslie began dressing her sister who remained hanging upside down through the process. She cut away Teri's panties with a pair of scissors and then brought over a green bikini bottom which came apart and tied together at the hips. She worked it between the girl's legs and smoothed it down over her bottom and her hips. After tying the strings together on each side, she slipped the halter part of the swimsuit over Teri's head, brought it down over her breasts and tied it in back. She then called to Brenda and asked her to come in and help her with Teri. They brought her down from the hook and laid her outside beside the pool. Teri looked to her side and saw how Brenda had intended for Michele to acquire her new tan. Brenda had laid her face up on the diving board, brought her arms and legs around and under the board and secured them there. She would indeed get a very deep tan there in the sun with not a hint of shade anywhere near. "Why don't you have a seat," suggested Brenda to Leslie. "I'll try to find a suit that fits me and join you in a moment. Meanwhile, try to think of something interesting for your sister, Dear." Teri watched as the woman bounced into the house and then glanced back at Leslie. She was really enjoying this. Teri laid her face down on the cement and tried to prepare for what other tricks Leslie and Brenda were capable of performing on her. □

TO BE CONTINUED



## The Marquis' Home Movie —or, How a Dutiful Daughter Found Herself in a Bind

From a correspondent in Britain comes the following story, a charming, long-lost little moment in film history. The BBC, it seems, had been televising some of the home movies taken by 8-mm. film enthusiasts before World War II, a period when home movies were in their infancy. Much of the material consisted of typical family scenes but was interesting because some of the people in the films, now elderly, were in the studio commenting on the old movies.

The Marquess of Anglesey, now an attractive lady in her 60s, was showing a half-hour silent film made one weekend in 1936 by her father, the Marquis of Anglesey, who was a dedicated movie buff.

"It was the time of Hitler's rise, and the Black Shirt Party was advocating fascism in Britain," our friend writes. "This was anathema to the valiant marquis, who decided to make a short film using his family and house guests, about a group of fascists called the Pink Shirts who took over the castle where he lived, capturing the inmates and making it their base for sending a secret invention to destroy the houses of Parliament. This was all thwarted by the children of the family, one of whom was the lady recounting the story."

Chosen to play the mistress of the chief villain was the marquess' elder sister, 19 at the time and already an actress. As the spirited, tongue-in-cheek performance got underway, the fascists — armed to the teeth with wooden guns — stormed the castle and captured a slew of celebrities, friends of the marquis who were in his movie strictly for the fun of it. There were Noel Coward, T.S. Eliot, Gertrude Lawrence, J.B. Priestly, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk . . . all marched away to the cellars with their hands high. The children, however, having suspected sinister doings, hid in secret passages and, with the help of an undercover British agent, began to turn the tables.

First were the sentries, knocked out and tied up. "Then," the marquess' aristocratic voice related as the action continued, "we plotted revenge on our elder sister — the lovely crook!" The young lady in question was seen strolling on the grounds, then suddenly descended upon by six small figures from the trees. "Of course, we soon had sister Helen securely bound and gagged. Revenge is

sweet!" commented the marquess as the camera showed us the wildly struggling figure on the lawn.

Our British correspondent continues: "Now you could have forgiven a spaghetti job, couldn't you — with handkerchief draped symbolically over the mouth. After all, it's all in fun and only kids."



"But the girl was scientifically bound, face-down, hogtied — with all the skill and know-how of a John Willie — and her gag, *between* her teeth, was 100% the real thing! . . . Like all amateur movie makers, the cameraman was loathe to cut and we were treated to several feet of the delightful girl — really revelling in her part as the bound and gagged villainess — rendered helpless."

As the celebrated house guests were released, the villains were marched off to prison by the children — "past a bound and gagged bundle *still* helpless on the lawn," our friend concludes, and raises a couple of interesting questions: First, knowing how long it takes to organize amateurs to do such things, did she stay tied until the subsequent scene was shot? And second, who tied her up so marvelously?

We will never know the answer to either, but we thank the marquess for telling the delightful story and our friend for relaying it, we commend the marquis for his imagination and humor . . . and we express our admiration for sister Helen, who, for a few moments in an old amateur movie, was a part of something that could be appreciated for years and years to come. And we hope someday to see it. □

Dear Harmony:

I would just like to take the opportunity to add to something I read in *Bondage Life, Vol. #1*. The article I'm speaking of was one of the situations described in your "non-fiction bondage" section. It was the situation described about the female reporter in Miami.

Being from Florida, I happened to be home visiting family at the time of the report. I just hapened to be watching the evening news when the report was shown. And, the sequence of events is as described in your article. However, there is something additional.

In the same report, prior to the "car bondage" scene, the same young lady (who was definitely pretty, by the way) was taken to one of the busier, frequently used streets in the Miami area. However, I believe she was taken there early in the morning when traffic was slight.

She seated herself on the ground with her back against a tree. And, believe me, the tree was located very close to the highway. She was then securely tied to the tree and her ankles were tied also. And, as mentined in your article, her mouth was taped shut with tape strips. As you mentioned, the object was to see how long it would be before a passing motorist stopped to help our "damsel in distress."

As motorists drove by, she would shake her pretty head and try to scream through her tape gag in order to get someone's attention. And, as in the car scene, our lady waited quite a while before someone came to her aid.

I'm writing this letter for a couple of reasons. First, I just wanted to reinforce your article and let people know that the survey did indeed take place. Secondly, you didn't mention anything about our lady's "roadside bondage" scene. So, I wanted to inform you of this part of the report just in case no one had informed you of it prior to this. □

*An Anonymous Reader*

### To Our Mail-Order Customers:

We have discontinued sending our illustrated monthly bulletins to customers from whom we have not heard for six months or more.

This we do as much in their interests as our own since that substantial time lapse suggests they are no longer interested in our materials or have had their personal circumstances altered. Whatever, we believe our advertising materials are no longer relevant to them. Thank you.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



## THE PULPS A Book Review

C.A. Hogue

We tend to think that the Age of Bondage began in 1947, when Irving Klaw first photographed Lilli Dawn — and, indeed, the idea of erotic bondage started then. But for many years previous to that, books that featured pictures and stories about beautiful women in bondage were being openly sold. I am referring to the pulp magazines that were produced from about 1905 through 1950.

Tony Goodstone has collected a considerable amount of material and distilled it into a history of this era, "The Pulps" (239 pages, softbound, New York: Chelsea House, 1976). This book outlines the development of these cheap fiction magazines, from Argosy in the 1890s to the science fiction and mystery anthologies that survive today. Over 50 features and stories are reprinted just as they appeared in the original, including early works by such now-famous authors as Paul Gallico, Edgar Rice Burroughs (yes, the first Tarzan story appeared in a pulp) and Tennessee Williams. These yarns are worth the price of the book alone.

But the surprising thing (and what makes "The Pulps" of interest to bondage lovers) is the remarkable amount of bondage-related material this book contains. In the stories we find heroines: ruthlessly bound with silken cord in a Shanghai hotel room; tightly trussed for a Satan-worship ceremony; and hung from chains in a subterranean torture chamber. Over a dozen of the full-color reproductions of pulp covers feature bondage situations.

If Mr. Goodstone's work is a representative sample, then it must have been almost impossible to pass a newsstand in the '30s without seeing at least one damsel in distress. That the publishers of these magazines were playing on the then-unrecognized eroticism of bound females to attract readers seems clear.

Pulp magazines were eventually driven out of business by rising production costs and the increasing popularity of television, which adapted many of their storylines and plot devices. (remember those great bondage scenes from Superman and The Lone Ranger?)

Unfortunately, "The Pulps" is not dedicated to bondage — but enough has been reproduced to show us what it must have been like in the golden days. That, along with the interesting fiction, pictures, and plain ol' nostalgia make "The Pulps" a good buy. □

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Our first bondage hood comes in white or black and sells for \$7 postpaid, cash, check or money order. Buy more than one to increase the sensual compression, if you want. Orders filled the day they are received.

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# MOTION PICTURE BONDAGE SCENES

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**STICKY SITUATION**  
Cleveland's Cheryl Rothman



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Here is our latest Nude Bound Beauty movie, 200 feet and approximately 12 minutes of viewing time, including two scenes which show two Bound Beauties at once! Featured are Becca Savage, Angelina Ferrar, Elizabeth Hunter and Jody Burns. Very good bondage-terrific Damsels in Distress. \$30 Regular or Super 8. All film orders postpaid. (ATTN: Movies NB-1, NB-2, NB-3, are now available in Beta and VHS videotape cassettes... \$75 postpaid per cassette.)



Here are scenes depicting our all-new NB-4 movie starring the stunning Joanne Link! Approximately 200 feet (about 12 minutes of breathtaking viewing) of the exquisite binding and gagging of Joanne Link. This is Joanne as she looks today in never-before-seen motion picture bondage footage shot exclusively by and for Harmony Communications. There are four different situations shown, two each in lingerie and nude. Joanne tries, but cannot escape her bonds. Bondage Lovers will Love Joanne in Bondage! \$30 postpaid.

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# THE BEAUTIFUL LIBBY CURTIS

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AND BOUND



**T**his lady is one of our personal favorites — to get bound and gagged in every conceivable position and outfit. Libby is going to know as much about bondage as all the rest of us before we're done with her. She's a

knockout, especially in ropes and with tape over her mouth. Look forward to a complete magazine showing only pictures of Libby tied up and gagged in all sorts of ways, coming soon from the folks at Harmony.











# BONDAGE IMMORTAL

## WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY?



(Except that it was mutually agreed that we were to tie her and gag her as fiendishly as possible. Kindly note what happens when the great Joanne tries to shift her weight in the first of these photo sequences and winds up in an even more helpless bondage predicament because of having lost her balance. And, believe us, that black scarf inside her mouth was pulled as tightly as possible.)



# JOANNE LINK

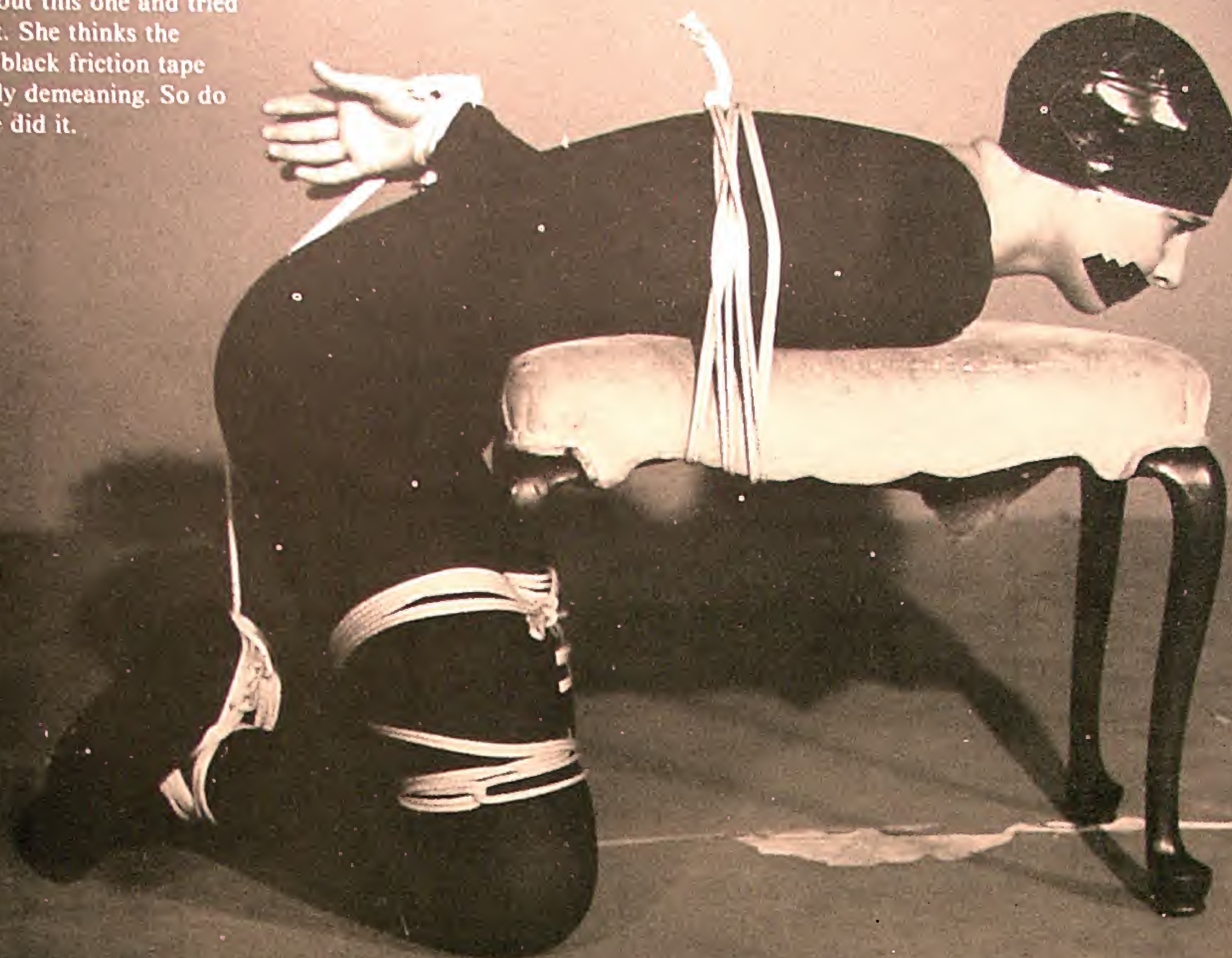




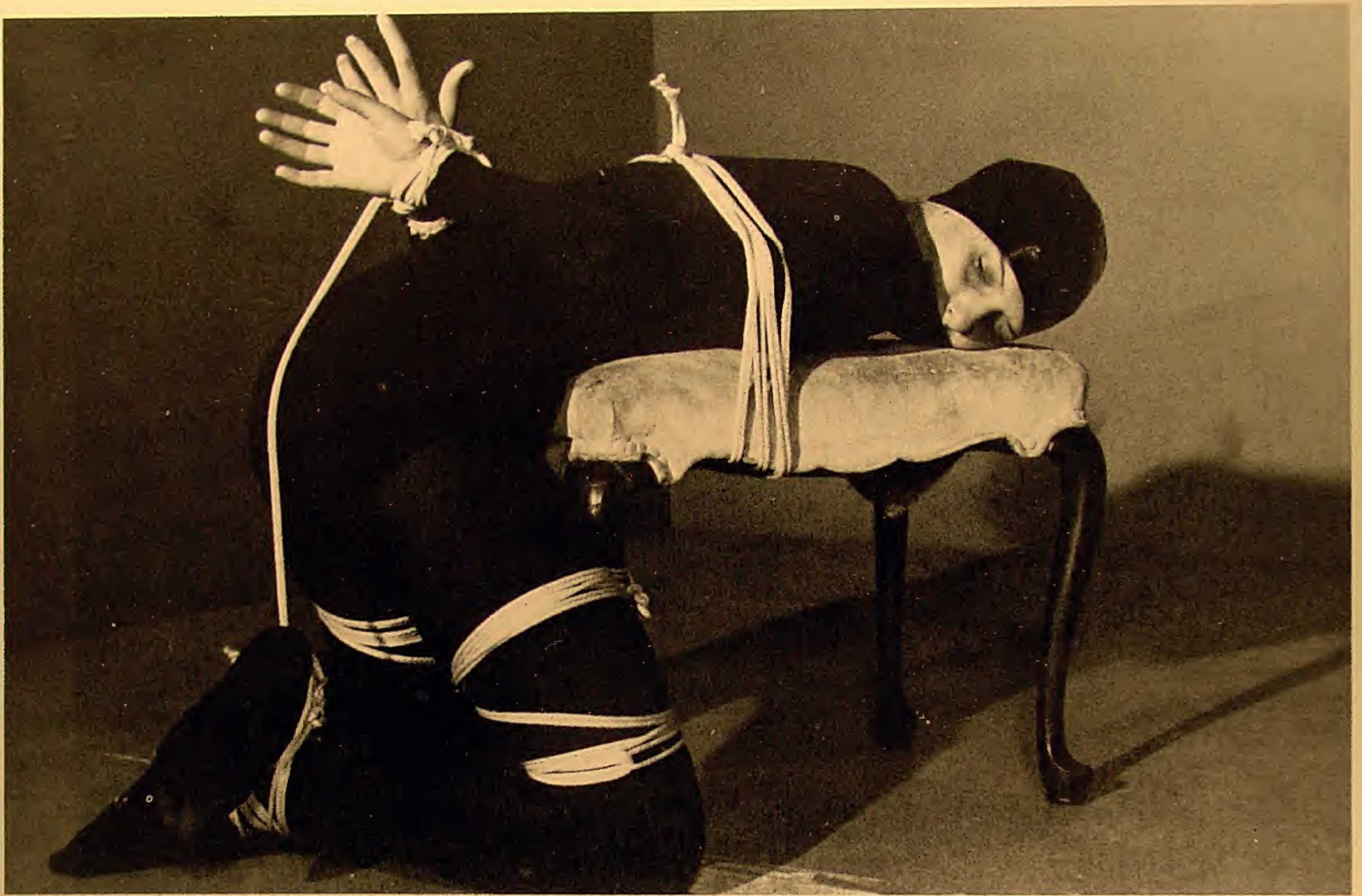




**BOUND IN EMBARRASSMENT** — Joanne pouted about this one and tried to talk us out of it. She thinks the bathing cap (with black friction tape over it) is especially demeaning. So do we. That's why we did it.









"Bondage Life," Number Three, and "Irving Klaw," Number Two are no longer in stock. Please do not order either of these magazines as they are no longer available. We are also out of all Irving Klaw Classic Bondage Movies and Harmony Bondage Movies 1 and 2.

#### Answers To Movie Quiz

1. D
2. C
3. E
4. H
5. F
6. G
7. B
8. A



JOANNE LINK IN  
RESTRAINT 1979 \$6



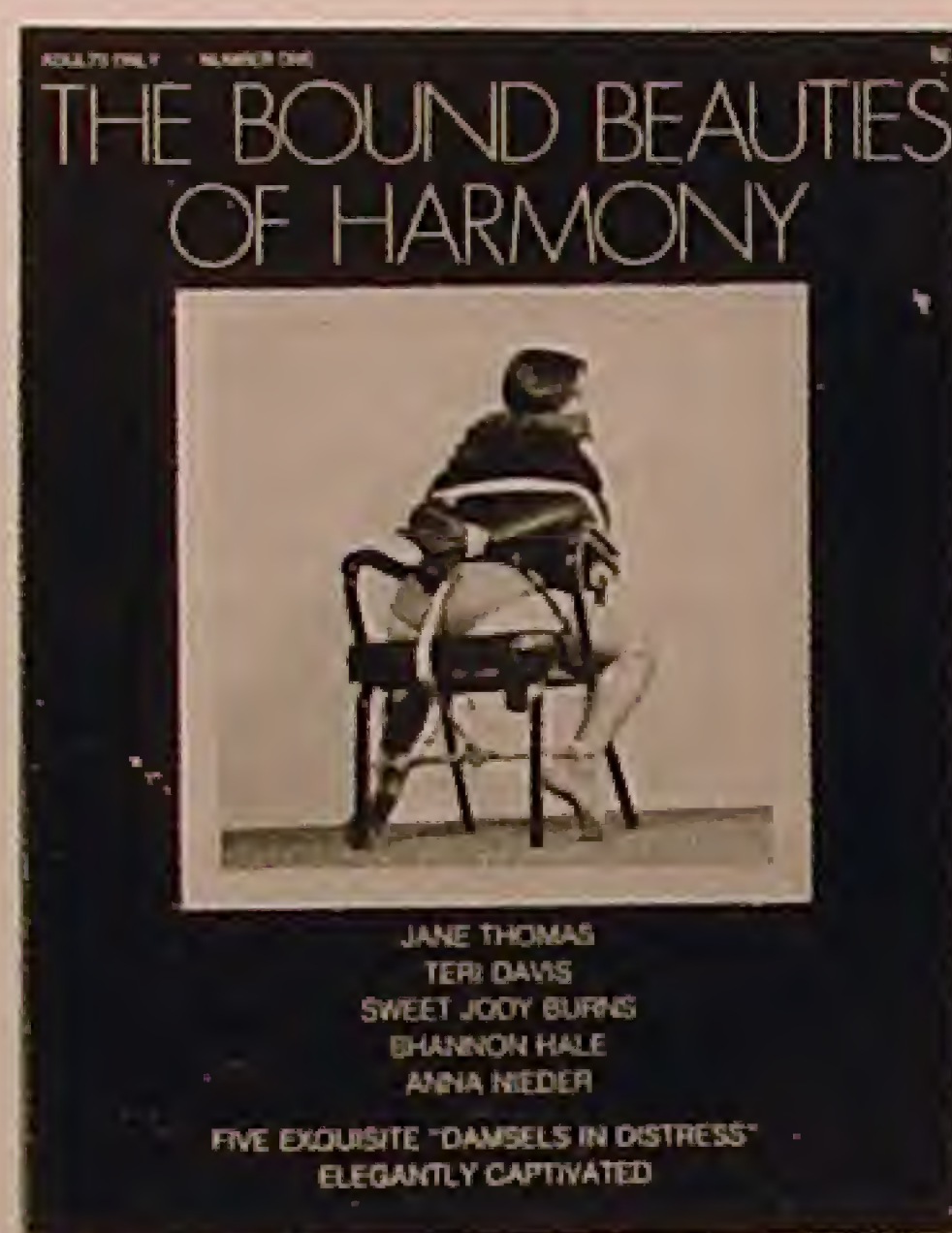
CHERYL ROTHMAN IN  
BONDAGE, NUMBER TWO \$6



CHERYL ROTHMAN IN  
BONDAGE, NUMBER THREE \$6



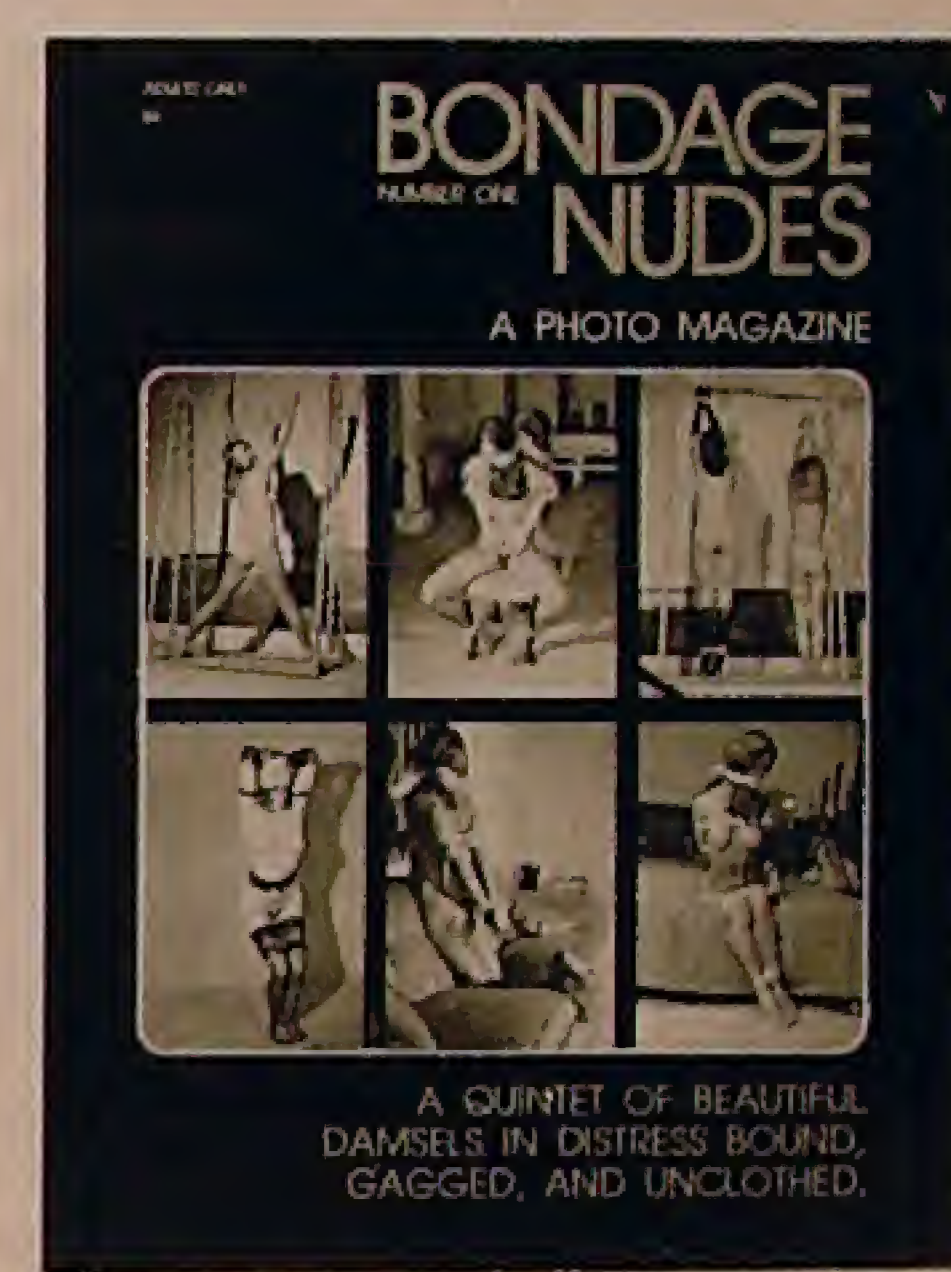
THE MICHELLE PAGE BONDAGE  
PHOTO BOOK, NUMBER ONE \$6



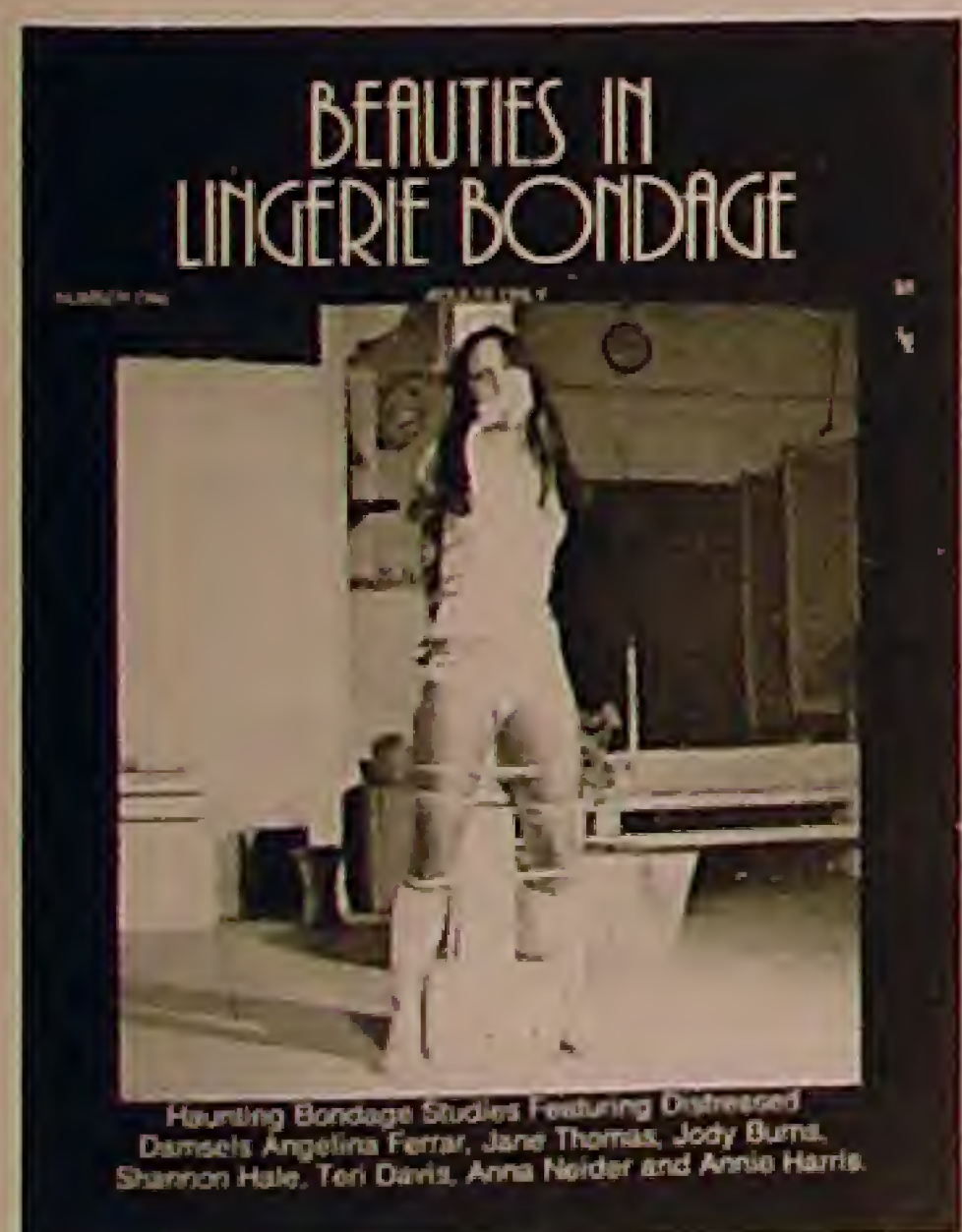
THE BOUND BEAUTIES OF  
HARMONY, NUMBER ONE \$6



THE BOUND BEAUTIES OF  
HARMONY, NUMBER TWO \$6



BONDAGE NUDES, NUMBER  
ONE \$6



BEAUTIES IN LINGERIE  
BONDAGE, NUMBER ONE \$6



BEAUTIES IN NUDE BONDAGE,  
NUMBER ONE \$6



MICHELLE PAGE & LIBBY  
CURTIS - UNDRRESSED FOR  
BONDAGE \$6



BONDAGE PARADE,  
NUMBER ONE \$6



deliberation the boy bound her wrists in the same manner as her ankles, cinched tightly between. "Now you sit there. Don't give no more trouble." He returned to the wall safe and Ronnie sat defeated and subdued.

Tied like this, she felt extremely helpless and she wriggled uncomfortably, straining apprehensively at the bonds. Oblivious to her, the thief finished his job. It took another half hour. The time now, thought Ronnie, must be around four o'clock. The burglar would have to leave soon in order to get away while it was still dark.

• • •

The bank notes and jewelry had been stuffed into the man's carpet bag. He turned to her and Ronnie looked up expectantly.

"I been watching the house all week," the boy said, "An nobody came in. How come you're here now?"

Ronnie told him that she was using the house while the owner was away for two weeks.

"Anyone know you're here?"

"No, only my girlfriend and she's gone for a couple of days to the country. If you leave me tied up too tight so I can't get free, nobody'll find me for days. And these ropes feel real tight."

"Yeah. You'll be alright," he said, "You like to lie down and have a sleep now? I won't go for awhile yet. Still plenty of things in other rooms." Ronnie nodded.

Before carrying her up to her bedroom, her captor took the remaining two pieces of cord from the desk and with one bound her legs around the long chiffon gown she wore, above her knees. With the other, he tied her arms back from just above her elbows. It was the longest of the pieces and he was able to wind it twice around her arms and body just below her breasts. Ronnie was laid carefully, almost tenderly, on her bed. The burglar cast his eyes around the room. On a chair stood Ronnie's suitcase with the lid open and thrown carelessly across the back of the chair were her rain coat and scarf. The man stepped across and took up the large gaily-colored silk scarf, folded it over rectangularly several times to a three-inch wide strip, and turned back to his prisoner. He sat her up on the bed and bringing the scarf over her head tied it tightly across her mouth and lips, making the double knot secure at the back of her neck under her long russet-tinged hair. There seemed no point in protesting and Ronnie accepted the gag without a struggle. It did not hurt too badly, and in a funny way she found that she enjoyed the feel of the smooth soft material around her face.

Ronnie was left sitting there on the bed while the thief searched the other rooms. She took the opportunity to work on her wrist bonds, knowing that she had to loosen them before she could hope to wriggle out of the remaining ropes which held her, but with no success. The struggling made her panic a little and she lost balance and fell softly onto her side with her head close to the pillow. The silk over her mouth muffled her. She felt stifled after a few minutes and worked her jaw open awkwardly. The fine cloth slipped neatly between her teeth and she was able to breathe easier, drawing the air into her lungs around the gag.

If I try to yell real loud, she thought, I could still make plenty of noise. But only someone in this house would be able to hear me. The walls are too thick for much sound to get through, and anyway this place is so far away from the neighbours. She decided that if her mouth, now lightly coerced, was completely free she could probably cry for help loud enough for someone outside the walls to hear, however faintly, and she resolved that when the thief left for good she would work to slip the gag wholly out of her mouth. If it remained there, if she could not

push it over her chin with her tongue, it would muffle sufficiently to prevent her from being heard. She remembered how in her mind she used to criticize the old thriller movies which showed "Damsels in Distress". Their gags were simple handkerchiefs or flimsy scarves tied either over their mouths or between their lips or teeth, and she had maintained that they could not properly muffle the victim's cries so that the hero passing close by would not hear them. Even less did they do their implied job - to "gag". Now she changed her mind. She could see that in certain circumstances a gag tied that way, provided it could not be shaken off, would be extremely effective in doing its job.

About twenty minutes later, the thief padded softly into the room. "You all right?" he asked. Ronnie nodded. The boy walked to the window and looked out. Although the sky was still overcast, the atmosphere was lighter, a morning grey. He turned back and spoke to Ronnie again: "Looks like morning's comin up, and there's no sense me takin off if no-one's comin here for a week. I'll sleep here til it's dark again." He bent down and checked the knot of the gag at the back of her neck. "Your gag's loose. That ain't good. I gotta keep you a bit quieter while I sleep. If you shout, someone might hear you from the front door." Ronnie was propped up at the bed-head and the scarf between her teeth was drawn tighter. She was then arranged neatly in the middle of the bed on her side, and left. The burglar went down to the library again and Ronnie could hear him doing something to the wall-safe, or that was what she guessed the sound coming from the wall once more to be. It was the sound which had awakened her earlier that morning.

• • •

Throughout the morning, she tossed and struggled restlessly on the bed. It was the thin cords biting into her wrists, arms, legs and ankles which caused her the greatest discomfort. The gag, though fixed more firmly between her teeth, was not too uncomfortable although it did chafe a little. She found however that it was impossible to work it out of her mouth over her chin, and she guessed that if somebody did knock at the front door it would impede her speech enough to make any cry inaudible from the bedroom.

It was some time after midday when the boy reappeared. He was still wearing the black stocking mask and the sight of his sudden reappearance at the doorway gave her a fright. When she realized that it was the same man, Ronnie lifted her head and made noises through the gag, shaking her head from side to side and trying to indicate as well as she could that she wanted the gag taken off. The boy sat down on the edge of the bed, leaned over and worked at the knotted silk. It had been drawn very tight and it took him some minutes to pick the knot open. As the scarf came gently away from her mouth, the bound girl worked her jaw about to relieve the stiffness she felt in her face.

"Thank you," said Ronnie. Then after a pause she added: "Can I be untied for awhile? I've been kept like this for hours now and I'd really like to stretch a little and get some circulation restored. The ropes are hurting."

"You promise not to try to get away again?"

"I promise."

So a few minutes later Ronnie was sitting on the edge of the bed rubbing the circulation back lightly into her wrists and arms.

"Can we have something to eat?" she asked, "I'll make it myself."

For the next two hours Ronnie prepared bacon and eggs, watched carefully by the thief as she worked at it in the kitchen, and showered and changed in the locked bathroom. She emerged fresh and pretty, her hair held by a blue silk scarf in the



style of an Alice band, scent of talc and warm flesh about her. She wore a slender floating skirt of rayon covered with a design of small black and red flower buds on a white background, and a very smart white silk-chiffon blouse with large wide collar and lapels and long sleeves to the wrists, puffed from the shoulders to her forearms.

She and the boy stood facing each other in the hallway. It was now three-thirty in the afternoon. Ronnie spoke: "I have to be tied up again don't I? I can see it in your face." He nodded a little shamefacedly. "All right," said Ronnie, "But first let me fix my hair." She walked to the bedroom while the young burglar followed a few paces behind, sat down at the dressing-table in front of the mirror, pulled off her head scarf and began combing out her hair. She continued for several minutes and made a good job of it so that her auburn hair glowed silkily about her shoulders. She noticed the boy growing restless and she had indeed taken her time because she did not like the idea of being trussed and helpless again.

Finally the thief said: "Come on, that's enough. I've got to get ready to go as soon as it gets dark."

"There's several hours yet," answered the girl, "Why do I have to be tied up so soon?"

"Cause I've still gotta do some things in other parts of the house. Now hurry. You're going slow on purpose."

"Just a minute," she replied, and Ronnie picked up her blue silk scarf and tied it neatly around her throat, with the knot behind so that it looked like a simpler neck-band. She stood and faced her captor: "Are my arms to be tied the same way?"

"Yes, but I got different ropes this time, so's not to hurt you too much." He held up several coils of soft cotton rope.

Ronnie turned and put her arms behind her back. Her wrists were bound together with a thin cord which was cinched as on the earlier occasion. It was softer than the venetian cord and did not cut so painfully into her wrists. However it was tied not over the broad ample cuffs of her blouse but beneath, close against skin and bone. A thicker cord was fastened around her upper arms and they were pulled back, then her arms were trussed tightly to her body below her breasts with a second length. This length was extremely long, yards and yards, and they were wrapped about her from just below her breasts (and just above her arms) to her waist and over elbows and forearms. She wriggled with vexation: "Hey, there's no need to wrap me up like a parcel!"

"No," her captor answered, "That's right. But I like it." This made Ronnie go quiet and cease any attempt to struggle. She did not want this young man to get too carried away with

However, another length of many yards was wound about her upper body some more, starting far enough below her shoulders to avoid the coils slipping off there, and passing round her body many times above her breasts. It was continued lower around her waist to her hips, where her wrists were anchored.

Next she was lowered gently to the floor and her ankles bound and cinched with a thin cord. Then her legs below the knees, above the knees and around her thighs were wound up tightly in multiple bindings which ended at her hips.

She now sat on the floor with her legs in front of her and angled slightly away; her back straight, head held proudly. The boy squatted in front of her, his face flushed and excited: "This is just like the games of cowboys and Indians our group used to play when we were kids. And you're a lot like one of the girls we used to tie up."

"But this isn't a game," Ronnie said, close to tears. "Please, you're not going to do anything silly and hurt me are you? It's not nice to be gagged and tied up."

The boy's face looked downcast, but in a rebellious voice he said: "I gotta tie you so the police won't come too quick. It's fun.

And anyway, you can't do anything about it."

That was true. Try as she might, it was impossible for Ronnie to move her arms.

"Well, look," she said desperately. "It's nearly dark enough now with the rain outside. Why don't you gag me and leave me, like you planned?"

She preferred to take the chance of perhaps spending several days helpless before anyone found her, rather than being the plaything of this youth.

"What will I use for a gag?" he asked, "I gotta make you pretty quiet."

"Why don't you use one of my scarves like before?"

"Aw, a girl's scarf like that ain't thick enough. It's gotta go in your mouth properly, liked a rolled-up cotton wool or something I saw once on television."

The thought of having cotton wool crammed into her throat terrified Ronnie. Thinking quickly, she said: "Why don't you use two or three scarves? Roll them up inside a long one and tie it in my mouth. There are a couple in my handbag and one or two in my case." She watched with some relief while the boy collected all her scarves. He sat on the floor sorting them out, selected one large rayon scarf in a plain pink and folded it in half to a rectangle. Two other scarves, a small rayon neck square and a large green acetate head scarf, were rolled into a single wad which was then in turn rolled up in the center of the rectangle. The girl pulled away and resisted as much as she could at first, and then remembering that the boy might forget himself in the excitement and be too rough she relaxed and sat still while the thick roll of cloth was bound tightly between her jaws. When that was done, the silk scarf which had been used on her earlier that day was refolded and bound very tightly so that it made a three-inch bandage around the lower part of her face just below her nose.

The thief stepped back and surveyed his handiwork. Ronnie sat quietly with her head bowed, her heart beating furiously, and an uncontrollable shivering began.

"Try to cry out," the thief ordered. Ronnie obeyed. "Louder. You can do better than that," he said roughly. Taking a deep breath, Ronnie tried again and if her mouth had been free the scream would very likely have been heard a block away. But all that came out was a strangled squeal. Without another word, the burglar took up his kit bag and left the room. Ronnie, her face strained and flushed and with the blood pounding in her head from the attempt to scream, fell slowly sideways onto the carpet and lay there dizzily waiting for her head to clear.

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It was one of the longest nights that the poor girl could remember. Most of the time she lay semi-conscious from the effects of the stifling gag. With her body completely trussed from ankles to shoulders she could only wriggle across the floor in the smallest of movements, each one of which exhausted her more and more. Somehow she found herself outside the bedroom door on the hallway. Later she lay at the head of the stairs, and it was there that Jennifer returning several days earlier found her on the following late Sunday afternoon.

"Y-you always turn up at the right time," croaked Ronnie when the gag was removed. This was a wry allusion to Jennifer's value as a right hand girl Friday. "Thank you, Jenny. I don't think I could have lasted another day with that horrible gag."

"For God's sake, what happened Ronnie?"

"I disturbed a thief at your recluse's wall-safe and he made me live out one of my thriller stories."

She lay her head back in Jennifer's lap and dropped into an exhausted sleep under her caresses, and the ropes gradually fell away. □



# LONELY



— Jody Burns spent a few lonely afternoon hours just like this not too long ago. It seemed secure, but comfortable, so we left her tied up while we went about the business of binding and gagging one of her colleagues.











# BONDAGE LIFE MOVIE PHOTO QUIZ



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Once again, we're off to the movies and television screen for this dazzling octet of gorgeously gagged screen sirens. See if you can't get your mind off their gags long enough to figure out who's who. Answers on page 73. All photos courtesy Ira Kramer of Movie Star News, 212 East 14th Street, New York, New York 10003

- A. Barbara Rush "Prince of Pirates"
- B. Samantha Egger "The Collector"
- C. Elke Sommer "Danella by Night"
- D. Linda Darnell (Movie Title Unknown to us at Press Time)
- E. Dianne Steinberg "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"
- F. Anne Francis "Honey West"
- G. Elizabeth Ashley "Mission Impossible"
- H. Estelita Rodriguez "Rio Bravo"



